Week ending July 4 1953
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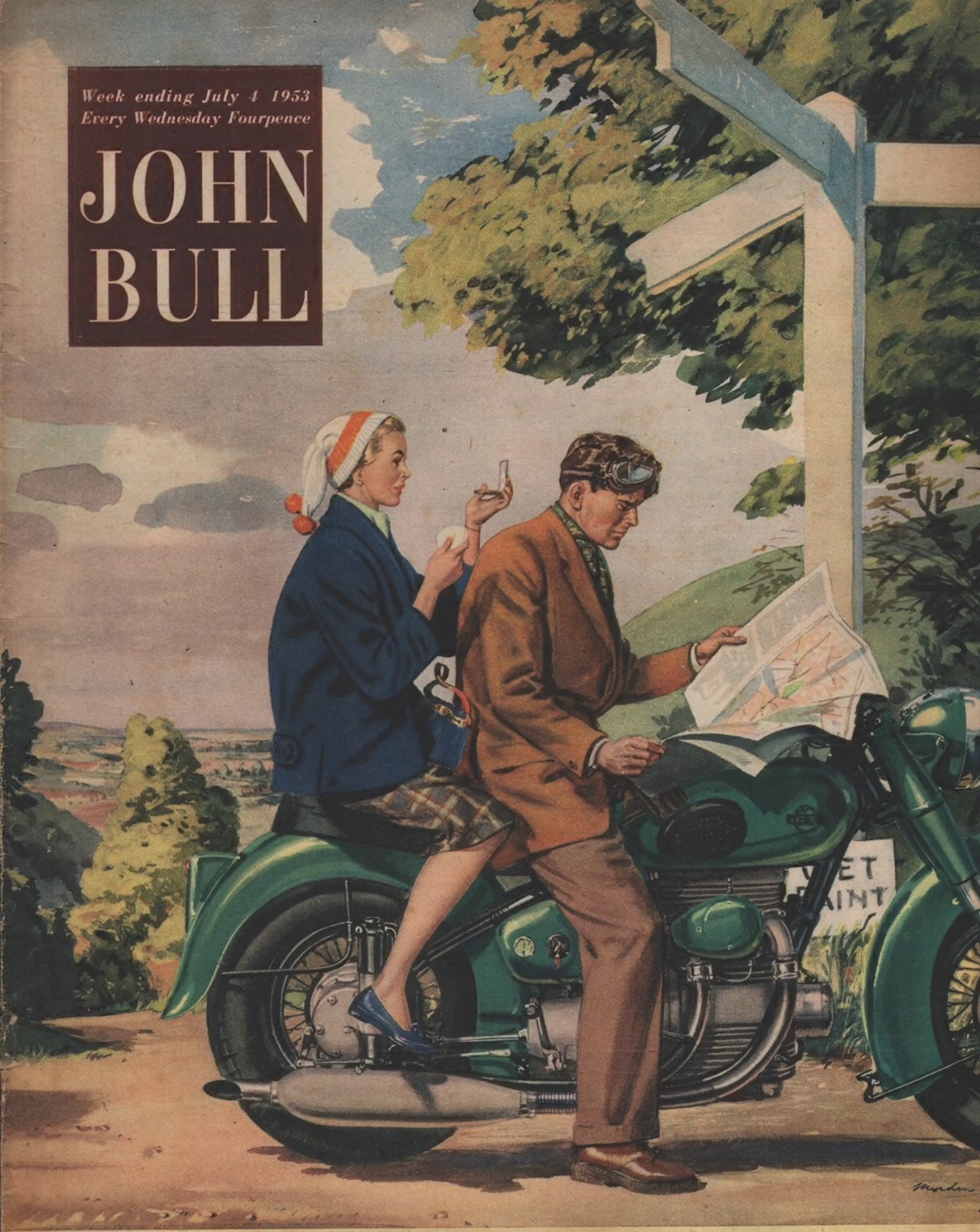
JOHN BULL



Begins in this issue

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EDITORIAL

Goodbye, farthing?

FARTHINGS are pretty little coins, cherished by small children, hoarders, and foreign manufacturers of jewellery, who turn them into articles of adornment. As currency they are practically useless.

Most men refuse a farthing change. They know how easily it can earn them black looks when proffered in mistake for a sixpence.

All busy people who have to find change quickly detest it. Not a single purchase can be made for one farthing, and it takes 960 of them to make one depreciated pound sterling.

EVEN the drapers, to whom "eleven-three" was once so precious, now shun it. The director of the Drapers' Chamber of Trade, Mr. John Ramage, says: "The days of the farthing have nearly gone. Very few people in the trade price with farthings now. We avoid their use as far as we can."

MR. RAMAGE
"We avoid the farthing"

Six hundred million farthings exist—twelve for everyone in the country. But they are not all in circulation, and the lingering demand caused by odd prices of bread, flour, butter, cheese and petrol prompts the Mint to turn out ten million more every year.

This costs the Treasury about £20,000 a year, of which half is, on paper, sheer loss, because the metal and manufacture of a farthing cost almost a halfpenny.

So the taxpayer is in the fantastic position of appearing to lose a farthing for every farthing he reluctantly handles, and of paying £20,000 a year to be annoyed.

IT remains legal tender for all amounts up to one shilling. But nobody wants anything like forty-eight of them at one time. So there are continual complaints when someone tries to get rid of an accumulation; shopkeepers and conductors refuse or show bad temper.

Our complicated coinage system should now be improved by scrapping the farthing, just as the half-farthing —one-eighth of a penny—was de-monetized in 1869.

THE coming end of rationing removes the last obstacle to its abolition. No legislation is needed. The Treasury could just stop making farthings and a Royal Proclamation could give hoarders a period to change them into other money before they were officially finished as legal tender.

Much time and temper would be saved, and the halfpenny would take its rightful place as the smallest unit of change.

And, after all, there is very little to be bought for a halfpenny!

THIS WEEK'S COVER

BILL MORDEN'S motor cyclist would not agree with Stevenson that "to travel hopefully is better than to arrive," but his cover girl is more concerned with pillion riding's ravages to her complexion. Morden, who runs a car, is often baffled by blank, newly painted signposts. "And anyway, all road signs tend to be too local," he complains. A one-time engineering draughtsman, Morden based the machine in the cover on a popular model.

Are you a BP Superman?

You enjoy a ready response from your engine as soon as you put your foot down—on BP Super. You get smoother acceleration, a longer drive in top and more miles per shilling.

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"...thanks to Lantigen 'B' I am better all ways..."

"..*Used to get one cold on top of another*," writes J. H. of Huddersfield, sufferer from Bronchitis for 46 years. Lantigen 'B' Oral Vaccine, taken in water like ordinary medicine, stimulates vital tissue cells to produce antidotes to combat and neutralise germ poisons. The treatment costs only a few pence a day and can be purchased at 25/- a bottle including Purchase Tax. Leaflet free from chemists or address below.

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FREE SPEECH

TV fan who didn't think of others

MY neighbour invited me round to watch his television the other day. As we sat through the programme, occasional flashes and crackles showed that a car without suppressors was going past and causing interference with its ignition. Every time this happened, my friend muttered angrily.

After a while, my conscience began to trouble me. "I suppose I had better fit suppressors to my own car," I admitted. "I hadn't realized that I was helping to cause this trouble. How much did it cost to fit suppressors to your car?" He was genuinely surprised at my question. "I haven't bothered to fit them," he said. "When I drive my car, I am not using my television set."—P. D., Hertfordshire.

The Queen's Coins

I NOTICE that the 1953 shilling gives the Queen's name as Elizabeth, instead of the Latin form Elizabetha. Coins of previous reigns have carried Georgius for George. Is there a reason for this departure from tradition?—J. B., Hull, Yorkshire.

"Elizabeth is intended as the Latin form," explains the Royal Mint. "Another school of thought favours Elizabetha." The British Museum adds: "The coins of Elizabeth I carried Elizabeth, although some medals of the time had Elizabetha. Precedence was probably followed for the new shillings."

Fairy Tale Village

THE Cornish village where my son is on holiday has the most delightful name I have ever met. It is St. Anthony in Roseland, near St. Mawes. It sounds like a name from Hans Andersen, but it is a correct postal address.—MRS. M. A. SPOKES, Grenoside, Yorkshire.

Rolling Stone

A RELATIVE of mine, who is a building trades executive, recently attended a foundation stone laying ceremony. The important personage, with silver trowel and much ado, declared the stone "well and truly laid." Half an hour after he had left the site, the stone had been removed, cleaned and placed in an outbuilding

—where it stayed for six months. My relative added that in olden days a golden guinea was placed beneath the stone, for luck. But the crafty foreman used to have the stone raised later —"just to make sure everything was satisfactory."—E. M. V., Lancashire.

Unfriendly Flowers

IN "Free Speech" for June 13, Mrs. Sarah Hastings described flowers that die when they are placed in a vase with others. I have found that carnations cause other flowers in a vase to droop. Lilies-of-the-valley are unhappy with other flowers. Sweet peas are bad mixers, too, and some roses will not tolerate others.—FLOWER LOVER, Leicester.

"There are probably many more," adds a horticulturalist. "There's room for a great deal of research into this problem."

Egg Economics

TWO housewives were discussing the price of eggs the other day, and I heard one say: "I always go for the large eggs—they are value for money, and the quality is better." As a former egg merchant, I could have assured her that this is not so. An egg costing fourpence can have a higher nutritive quality than a larger one costing fivepence. The colour of the yolk is a fair indication of quality: it should be a deep yellow. A very pale yolk is usually the product of a

COMING SOON TO JOHN BULL

DIGBY

A hilarious new novel

by DAVID WALKER

Further details next week

hen that has been "forced-fed" for increased production.—J. A. L., Edinburgh, 6.

A poultry expert agrees that size is no indication of quality. "But," he adds, "the colour of an egg yolk depends on the amount of green stuff in a hen's diet—the more green stuff, the darker the yolk. A pale yolk may be just as nutritious."

Eating Away

VARIETY is indeed the spice of life ("Free Speech," June 13). My family found that their appetites were flagging, and I had to agree that our meals lacked variety and had become monotonous. I decided that my husband, myself and our two children would get a change of menu by dining at a local restaurant for a fortnight. It proved very beneficial, and made us all food conscious once more. I wouldn't have believed it, but it also proved almost as cheap as dining at home.—MRS. A. DORMAND, The Island, Thames Ditton, Surrey.

National Number

SOME time ago, the government announced that identity cards could be destroyed. But twice within a week, at the dentist and the oculist, I have been asked for my national registration number. The oculist accepted my national insurance number instead, yet when the form was later returned to me I found that this had been deleted and my old identity number written in. Surely this is evidence of unnecessary work and muddle.—J. E. ALDEN, Rose Cottage, Horspath, Oxford.

"Certainly not," says the Ministry of Health. "Not everyone has a national insurance number, but, although identity cards are abolished, newborn babies are still allocated a national registration number — it's necessary for routine medical treatment." The Ministry of National Insurance explains that it deals with claims and payments rather than with treatment.

Turmoil In Toytown

WHEN the football season ended, my son, who is crazy on soccer, turned to his marbles, and I heaved a sigh of relief. But wherever I go in the house, there are his marbles on the floor—laid out as footballers, eleven a side. My daughter is just as unpredictable with her toys. She uses the roof of her dolls' house as a blackboard. A perfectly good board and easel becomes a boat. If a relative ever buys her a boat, it will probably serve as a doll's bed.—MRS. E. LEECH, Warwick Road, Banbury, Oxfordshire.

Multiple Voting

NEVIL SHUTE puts forward the theory of the multiple vote in his novel *In The Wet*. It seemed attractive at first, probably because my score would be good—but then the truth hit me. Educated or uneducated, rich or poor, the people are the customers. The government serves the people, and respect for the equal freedom and importance of the individual is a fundamental factor of our way of life.—A. MCLOUGHLIN, Standish, Wigan.

. . . People cannot be considered as equal in ability and worth to the community. Today the mass plumping vote has put into office many men and women who are not trained as thinking citizens.—F. J. POOLE, Rhondda, Glamorganshire.

. . . It would take an army of civil servants to administer Nevil Shute's scheme.—MRS. W. BLEAKLEY, Nevis Avenue, Belfast.

. . . This idea could easily trap the unwary. It is an attempt to restore to control those who held power before the Reform Act of 1832. I would qualify for four of the votes mentioned, but I feel that there are serious dangers.—A. E. TURNER, Westfield Road, Leicester.

Top Speed Trap

AS I motored along the esplanade at Exmouth, I was astonished to see speed limit derestriction signs a few

yards before the road ends at a sheer cliff face, as my photograph shows. I asked a passing policeman for the explanation. "We had to show 30 m.p.h. restriction signs for motorists turning back along the esplanade," he said. "And we can't do that without showing the derestriction on the other side, that's all."—R. O. MORGAN, Meadowside, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Libby days are here again!

How good to see such a delicious Libby selection—Libby's Lamb Tongues, Libby's Vienna Sausages, Libby's Luncheon Meat—all easy to prepare for lunch, for supper and for sandwich snacks. And when you want to serve a piping hot dish, try Libby's Stewed Steak and Libby's Stewed Mutton—the best *lean* meats simmered in their own rich juices—all ready to serve or to form the basis of your favourite casserole. Put Libby's high on your shopping list. The brand you can always trust, quality-famous for eighty-five years. Yes!—the real Libby quality.

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BY *Rallie*

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A rare picture of the inside of Dartmoor : prisoners marching round an exercise yard. "It was," says the author, "more daunting than I had imagined"

Beginning a vivid personal story of life in Britain's grimmest prison . . . written by a man who was sent there for three years

INSIDE DARTMOOR

ANONYMOUS

LOOKING BACK, I think it likely that I went to Dartmoor through nothing more than a sense of bravado. I went there from Durham, the local jail in which I served the first year of a four-year sentence awarded me at a northern Assizes.

I was a "star" prisoner at Durham. That is, I had only one previous conviction (for which I had done less than six months "inside") and that had been more than fourteen years before. The governor at Durham was as surprised as I was to find that my name was down for the "Moor." He urged me to appeal. I refused. My sentence of four years had shocked me. If society, I thought, was going to deal with me unjustly, society should have full value—and suffer thereby. It was the sort of reaction which makes a man commit suicide—to get his own back. "Now you'll be sorry," he says as he pulls the trigger or turns on the gas. Of course, no one ever is sorry; least of all society. But I was not to realize that till later.

Perhaps, too, something of the reckless try-anything-once attitude made me plump for Dartmoor, expressed in the "I'll have a go, sir" with which I answered the governor's advice to appeal. I wanted to see it all.

There was a third reason. For anyone who has ever been in a British prison, the name of Dartmoor has a kind of blighted prestige. It is the Foreign Legion of the convict's service, a diploma of "toughness." To have been there is to have come of criminal age. It is also the public's favourite penitentiary. Its situation on the Devonshire moors, its remoteness, the bloodhounds and the mounted warders, its mutinies, the escape siren wailing through the famous mist—all this has given the image of Princetown an aura of dingy romance.

It is notoriously a hard prison where, in the phrase of a fellow prisoner at Durham, "everything is barred but the holds." Beside it, even Parkhurst was said to be "cushy," and local prisons like Leicester and Wakefield were thought to be rest cures. To me, as I waited to go there, the Moor became a challenge. The more I heard and thought of it, the more I convinced myself I would beat it.

My year at Durham passed quickly—for prison. The place was overcrowded, seven hundred prisoners being packed into accommodation planned for half that number. That, at least, made for company. We were put three in a cell.

The first few days were unpleasant. Due no doubt to the crush, I was placed in a cell not

Dartmoor's administrative block ablaze during the 1932 mutiny. The memory of this event, says the author of these articles, has had its effect upon every aspect of life in the prison

far from those in which two men, Roberts and Wilson, were waiting to be hanged. I could hear the heavy footsteps down the passage as the warders went to change the death watch.

A necessary but oppressive jocularity went with these proceedings. "Well, son, shall we 'top' you, too?" said a hearty warder to me once. I even caught the mood myself. One morning, when I nearly collided with Albert Pierrepoint, the executioner, going about his business, I asked him if it was me he was looking for. "Not yet," said Pierrepoint with a smile. And then, an official once more, and in a very different tone of voice, "Get back to your 'peter'"—cell in prison slang.

It was at Durham that I first noticed the almost routine callousness which characterizes prison life. I don't think this callousness is deliberate; perhaps it would be less shocking if it were. It comes, in my opinion, from the tacit but mistaken idea that the prisoner leaves his feelings behind him when he is convicted.

Sense Of Communal Guilt

The parade ground at Durham adjoined the hospital. One morning, as we marched round on exercise, some of us noticed a curious activity going on in the hospital yard. It was quite clear what it was: some warders were digging graves. One of our party, a big authoritative man, signed us to halt and addressed the warder in charge. "Are those graves for the two to be topped, mister?" The warder could only say that they were. "Then," said our spokesman, "you'd better do something about it, or we go off." The "screw" marched us back to our cells. When we reassembled an hour later, the activity in the yard was hidden by canvas screens.

An impending execution makes a prison nervous. As the date draws near, tempers get shorter and the prisoners more morose. An unnatural activity becomes inevitable; there seems to be no time in which to do anything. Just before the date fixed, everyone is evacuated from the vicinity of the death cells. And when the execution is over, the relief felt by all comes from what can only be a relaxation of the sense of communal guilt.

When my year at Durham was up, I and thirteen others were sent to Wormwood Scrubs. The "Scrubs" for us was simply a distribution centre where prisoners were medically examined, checked, and funnelled out in batches to Princetown, Parkhurst and other central and regional prisons. The atmosphere at the Scrubs was almost gay. The sense of anticipation (even the anticipation of Dartmoor) and being on the move had put us in a holiday mood.

Walls Twenty Feet High

It was dark and cold on an evening in February when we arrived in Princetown, and drove through the double gates where our van was checked and re-checked by the officers on guard. I had no chance then to see either the massive granite arch with its Latin inscription *Parcere Subjectis* ("Spare the Conquered"—a relic of the time when Dartmoor housed prisoners of war), or the twenty foot high walls, or the well-kept drive which leads to the centre of this circle enclosing thirty acres—an area which a nineteenth-century prison doctor called "a great tomb of the living," and a modern Home Secretary "a cesspool of humanity."

The van put us down at the "reception" wing; we filed into its hall. In spite of my prison experience, I was impressed. No matter what might happen to him later, I think no prisoner endures anything quite as daunting as his first reception. He sees apparently endless perspectives of corridors slotted with cells; his eye climbs steel spiral stairways to similar galleries above. He is prepared for solitude and discomfort. What he is not prepared for is this inhuman apparatus of uniformity. He wonders sickly which cell of this enormous hive will be his own and how, when he reaches it, he will defend his personality against the bland malignity of the machine.

We stood in a line for a long time, eyed by a squad of prison officers. Here was the first and very striking difference between Dartmoor and a local prison such as Durham: the number and propinquity of the warders. In any prison, authority is never very far away. A prisoner can seldom forget that he is guarded. But the presence of authority can be a simple surveillance, a watching eye. At Dartmoor it was always more than that. Authority there was positive and harassing; the cardinal points of a convict's compass came to be four figures in blue. There were times when I felt I was carrying a warder on my back.

As we waited for reception I counted two officers for every prisoner. Later, I was to get to know some of these "screws" very well. At the time of my arrival they all looked alike, as featureless as the walls. Just as long confinement gives a prisoner a particular posture, so "screws" acquire a distinctive way of holding themselves, of movement. It is a motor rigidity, the sort of dispirited alertness a man assumes when walking about a building he thinks might at any moment collapse on his head.

My turn came at last. After the usual routine of identification, fingerprinting, strip naked and search, taking of weight, height and bodily details, I was given a bundle of prison clothes and led to the bath.

Most Dreaded Punishment

While we were stripping, I particularly noticed a convict near me. There was something peculiar about his shoulders and the top of his back. These were marked with almost parallel, narrow, white scars, rather like the pale but livid stratifications on the inner skin of an onion. Later, I asked this man what they were. They were the result, he told me, of a flogging he had received some years previously.

Nobody had the "cat" while I was at the Moor; but I knew two or three men who had had it sometime in their lives and bore its indelible marks. Of all penal punishment, flogging is the most feared. Not so much because of its pain, which, although very severe, is felt after the first numbing blow through a sort of physical daze, but because of the humiliation. It is the preliminaries of the "cat" which are outrageous: the medical inspection; the binding to the triangle; the padding of the lower part of the body; the presence of the prison officials and, above all, the anonymity of the officer who inflicts the punishment (and who is transferred elsewhere afterwards). It is these things, more than the pain, that make prisoners talk of the "cat" with horror. I have heard prisoners say that they would rather be "topped" than go through it again. I don't know how the fear of being flogged affects the incidence of crime. I know, from the testimony of those who have experienced it, that the threat of the "cat" is a real deterrent in prison.

After the bath came the medical inspection. According to prison orders, the Medical Officer "shall record the state of health of the prisoner and such other particulars as may be directed." This official language implies examination. In fact, the doctor at Princetown gave me a quick inspection, asked "You all right?" in a tone which clearly and reasonably enough expected the answer "Yes," and passed on. I did happen to be all right. Some were otherwise, but prison experience had taught them that a recital of symptoms is best reserved for some other time than a reception medical inspection.

Outfit For A Convict

My bath over, I put on the prison uniform: grey, faintly striped shirt, jacket and trousers; grey tie and red sweater; part-worn, ill-fitting shoes, and a sloppy grey hat. Then, having signed the inventory of my civilian clothes and personal belongings, I was escorted by two "screws" up the spiral steel stairs to the third landing of my hall and there into my cell. With a "You'll get a cup of tea shortly, son," one of the "screws" slammed and locked the heavy door. I was in the Moor.

Princetown is not a modern penitentiary. Originally built in 1809 for military prisoners during the Napoleonic wars, it became a civil prison as long ago as 1850. Iron cells have given way to stone, but in structure the main

Continued on page 23

Letter Home

by ***DAVID ESDAILE***

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

He was writing to Anne from the frozen hell of Korea. Struggling for words, he watched the child—and knew then what he had to tell her

ONE AFTER THE OTHER, four Sabres peeled off and rocketed the big hill to the left, interrupting Corporal Benson's train of thought. There was no novelty in the noise they made but up to dinner time he had assumed that this hill was held by R.O.K. troops. Sitting there in the shelter of the Signals truck at Brigade H.Q., his privately acquired bundle of straw over his legs, he found himself unreasonably irritated.

He was writing home to Anne and this required maximum concentration because he hoped to marry her when his time came to return to England; and even when things were quiet, eloquence did not come easily from these frozen Korean valleys. There was never anything to write home about. A small river just behind him, whose name he did not know, was frozen solid. The mug of tea beside him was made from a block of ice which Nosey had hacked out with his bayonet.

The Sabres soon whined away southwards and the cold, grey afternoon was silent; but Benson still resented the interruption, and its implication.

He read and reread what he had written:

"Dearest Anne, well, here we are again. Thank you for your letter, which I have received. I shouldn't worry too much about the gloves because the issue is more or less okay. Your mum's socks haven't arrived either but there is plenty of straw. By the way, it's no good asking for Korean stamps because there don't seem to be any, at least I haven't seen a post office yet, not even when we landed at Pusan, all open drains and old men with long pipes and whiskers. And what a smell!!!"

HE paused at this point, wondering whether to put in a bit about Korean girls, but he abstained. All the way up from Pusan to Taegu in the three-tonner, along the narrow roads with their diabolical mixture of ice and dust, he had been horrified at the ugliness of the girls he had seen in the villages. Even at Seoul it had been no better: just a lot of flat-faced monkeys, with their waists somewhere under their armpits. He could easily have run to a few paragraphs on the subject but at the age of twenty-two he was no longer a fool. He knew that it was better to omit the subject altogether: it was so easy to be misunderstood.

Other obvious subjects, like Naafi and the signals captain, the long sticks of Korean eggs, the beer problem and British rations versus P.X., had been exhausted in previous

Continued on page 24

He gripped a pencil between his numbed fingers and tried to write. The little girl, stroking the rabbit he had given her, looked happier now

Skipper Dinkey fishes for holiday-makers

by KEITH ELLIS

Like other Tenby fishermen, he finds little money in his old calling. So every summer it's "Any more for an island sail?"

Receptive passengers enjoy Dinkey's yarns about smugglers' caverns and sunken forests, though he admits that some of his stories are not quite true. But he finds a joke a good antidote for the sea-sick

STEERING HIS LAUNCH between Tenby, the South Wales seaside resort, and the tiny island of Caldey, three miles away, Dinkey Crockford noticed a patch of rough water ahead. "There were some old folks in the boat," he recalls, "so I asked if anyone minded going through the 'lop.'" Nobody spoke, so he kept the boat on its course. As he expected, it twisted and squirmed like a wild horse at a rodeo. When he collected the money at Caldey, however, he noticed that one passenger was hanging back. He was an old man, and had turned a peculiar shade of green.

"That will be two shillings, please," said Dinkey.

The old man glared. "Two shillings, indeed! You owe me ten pounds."

Dinkey was flabbergasted. "How do you make that out?"

"When we went through that rough water," said the man, "I lost my false teeth over the side."

A lean humorist with a weather-beaten face, Dinkey is cynically resigned to the unreasonableness of some of his passengers. "Eventually," he says, "I managed to persuade him it was an act of God."

Dinkey's father and grandfather were Tenby fishermen, and at forty-three he is the eldest of three brothers who take visitors fishing, sightseeing or across the water to Caldey. The others are Ivor, a genial, spreading hotel-keeper, and Victor, a burly fisherman with the nickname of Flannigan.

About 800,000 visitors have made the trip to Caldey since the traffic started in 1906. Dinkey's own passengers have included the late Dr. C. E. M. Joad, Sir John Cockcroft, the atomic scientist, the film star Sabu and the Emperor Haile Selassie's children when they were living on Caldey during the Abyssinian war.

Radio Doctor In Queue

Issuing tickets one day from a table on the beach, Dinkey was confronted by two old women who were uncertain whether to risk the crossing. Conscious of the long queue behind them, Dinkey helped them to make up their minds. "Are you frightened of being sea-sick?" he asked. The ladies looked embarrassed. "You don't want to worry about that," blarneyed Dinkey. "Only the other day I heard the Radio Doctor say that sea-sickness was a tonic."

At that, a round, owl-faced man a few places down the queue cleared his throat. "I don't remember saying that," he announced in a deep, fruity voice. Comments Dinkey: "It was Dr. Charles Hill himself."

Today about a dozen boatmen ply from Tenby with craft bearing names like Pretty Polly, Georgette, Foam, Girl Pat and Barbara. Dinkey himself, being official boatman to the Cistercian monks of Caldey, sails Lollipop, the Caldey boat, a launch bigger than the rest, and has the words *Caldey Island* printed in large white capitals across his navy jersey. "My real name's Noel," he says, "but they call me Dinkey because I couldn't say 'donkey' when I was a child."

Welsh Enjoyed Cheap Trip

Lying in South Pembrokeshire in the far west of Wales, Tenby is a part of "little England beyond Wales" and its inhabitants speak with a broad English accent which the Pembrokeshire Welsh call "down below." Like other Tenby men, Dinkey speaks no Welsh, and the deficiency is occasionally embarrassing.

One day, he was trying with little success to get a crowd of Welsh trippers to come for a sail. "You ought to use a bit of Welsh," said another boatman. "That'll get 'em."

"But what shall I say?" asked Dinkey.

"You're charging sixpence, aren't you?" asked the other man. "Tell them you'll take them for a *ceiniog*. That's Welsh for sixpence." Armed with his single word of Welsh, Dinkey

At the end of the day, Dinkey boards the Lollipop for the last trip from Caldey Island back to Tenby. Apart from pleasure cruising, he delivers supplies to the island's Cistercian monastery. He left the Merchant Navy after an accident. "I've been a jack-of-all-trades since," he says

turned to the crowd. "Come for a sail," he shouted. "It's only a *ceiniog*." Soon he had ten trippers in his launch. After a twenty minutes' trip down the coast, he went round for the money. "That'll be sixpence each," he said. The Welsh looked astounded. "How much?" asked one.

"Sixpence," said Dinkey. Angrily the man replied: "You're a thief and a liar. You won't get more than a penny out of us."

"But I told you it was a *ceiniog* before we started," said Dinkey.

"Indeed you did," said the man, "and, as every good Welshman knows, *ceiniog* is the Welsh for a penny."

Dinkey is still rueful about the trip. "I got tenpence for that twenty minutes," he says. "And I haven't spoken a word of Welsh since."

All boatmen pride themselves on being able to tell a tale, and Ivor readily admits that "some of the stories we tell are not quite true." The Pembrokeshire coast is rich in just the sort of romantic and historical associations an imaginative boatman can embroider.

Famous houses include Amroth Castle, where Nelson used to stay with Lady Hamilton, Stanley Baldwin's retreat at Waterwynch, and the Earl of Cawdor's seat at Lydstep Haven. There are the Lydstep Caverns, said to have been frequented by smugglers, Amroth Bank, where the remains of a sunken forest can be seen and, at one lonely point, the foundations of a hut believed to have been built by Seaman Dick, a shipwrecked sailor who lived off the land. Across the Bay lie Pendine Sands, where Parry Thomas was killed and Amy Mollison took off for America. Here, too, the motor-racing scenes for *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman* were shot.

At Wiseman's Bridge, near Saundersfoot, is an inn where Winston Churchill lunched when, with Sir Dudley Pound, he watched the pre-invasion exercises in Carmarthen Bay. Ivor was in the Royal Navy then, but Dinkey remembers it as a good time for boatmen. Sometimes, when sailors were practising the transfer of goods from one ship to another, one would make a slip and a consignment of food would accidentally fall into the sea.

"We used to mark the spot with a buoy," says Dinkey, "and come back later to drop a trawl. We made a good living from tinned food." He is slightly bitter about the time he and another boatman towed in two mines and were paid 7s. 6d. for their services.

As there are no low-water landing facilities at Tenby, passengers have to use a stepping-board when the tide is out. Often, however, women are nervous of crossing the water on a narrow gang-plank and have to be carried across by the boatman. Dinkey alleges that many girls postpone their trip until the tide is out, for just this reason.

One day, at Caldey, he noticed a nervous look on one woman's face just as he was about to lift her in his arms. "I shan't get wet, shall I?" she asked. Thinking she was referring to the spray which may break over the launch in rough weather, Dinkey said: "It's a glorious day, madam. No one is going to get wet." He swung her up and stepped forward. "Unfortunately," he says, "my foot slipped on a pebble and we were both in the water."

Tide Revealed Treasure

Before the war, there was always a "dead" period between the fishing and holiday-making seasons when the boatmen were glad of any work they could get. One year, they had a windfall when a freak tide washed back a large section of the beach and exposed coins which had been deposited over hundreds of years.

"Some of them were valuable, and we made a steady five pounds a week. One man whose dog had recently had pups brought the whole litter to help him to dig." But a Ministry of Labour official heard of the "Eldorado of Tenby" and suspended the boatmen's dole.

Today, no boatman lives on the holiday traffic by itself. As boatman to the Caldey monks, Dinkey spends much of his time running supplies to the island. His brother Ivor, proprietor of the Belle Vue Hotel, takes his guests fishing in the early morning and serves the catch for breakfast. Flannigan combines his boating with fishing, but, in winter months, sometimes has to "sign on." Like all the boatmen, he suffers from the decline of fishing round Tenby.

All the brothers, therefore, look on the summer season as an opportunity to make a useful bonus. They get up to £10 for hire of a boat and boatman from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. On the Caldey run, which they reckon to make three times in an afternoon, they charge 4s. return.

Running Costs Are High

Expenses are heavy. At Whitsun the boats are scraped, scrubbed, painted and varnished. The motor is overhauled, and defective canvas, buckets and lines replaced. Each boat is given a second overhaul some time during the season. Flannigan reckons that fuel costs are between £1 and £1 5s. a day. A boatman calls it a good season if he makes between £150 and £200.

Dinkey finds that a surprisingly large proportion of his passengers turn queasy on the twenty-minute run to Caldey, and remarks, as a matter of routine, before they set off: "If anyone feels a bit queer, there's a bucket inside." This is always good for a laugh. Once the trouble starts, he has two remedies: one mechanical, the other psychological. "I give them pills, sweets or aspirins—anything at hand. It always works. And I do what my father and grandfather did—look cheerful and crack a joke with them. Then everybody's happy."

Like all boatmen, Dinkey is occasionally plagued with silly questions. For these he has a never-failing remedy—his own mordant wit. Some time ago, his launch passed a boat behind which three cows appeared to be swimming. "What's that?" asked one curious woman. Dinkey explained that the monks on Caldey export cattle to the mainland and, instead of shipping them across, occasionally tow them behind a boat.

For some reason, this lucid explanation failed to satisfy the woman. "But why do they do it?" she persisted. Dinkey looked straight ahead. "Madam," he said, "have you never heard of salt beef?"

THE END

CHAMPION'S DECISION

by ALAN PRICE

He was badly injured, but the men who were trying to bribe him didn't know that. They were offering him two thousand pounds to stand down

THE IMPERSONAL VOICE boomed from the loudspeakers: "Ladies and gentlemen, Geoffrey Harrington will now attempt a pole vault of twelve feet nine inches. . . ."

Harrington stripped off his track suit, adjusted his shorts and flexed his muscles, looking round at the familiar scene.

It was a fine late summer's day with a bright sun and a breeze just strong enough to keep the bunting fluttering and the bandsmen cool. At the far end of the field the last two competitors were fighting out the long-jump. Over on his right the stewards were marshalling the finalists for the hundred yards.

As he approached the take-off—walking with far more confidence than he felt—Harrington's sallow, rather bony face held that calm preparedness of the serious amateur athlete.

Screwing up his eyes for a last glance at the bar, he drew in a deep breath and started his run. He intended to succeed with his first attempt, using as little effort as possible, for he wanted to save himself for the *Daily Sun's* major event on the following Wednesday. That was important, this wasn't.

His feet crunched the cinders. He slammed his pole in the box and hurled himself upwards so that the blue sky swung away and he was suddenly looking down at the green turf, the red sand and the pink, upturned faces of the spectators.

It was when he gave his body that final flick before releasing the pole that he saw the impending catastrophe. He had miscalculated the height; instead of falling relaxed, ready to roll over at the point of impact, he was still trying to twist himself when he landed heavily on his side.

Jarred, breathless, he lay groaning with excruciating pain. One of the judges helped him to his feet. A white-haired little man with "OLYMPIC 1912" embroidered on his blazer trotted up and ran an experienced eye over Harrington.

"Hurt?" he snapped.

Harrington touched a spot just below his heart and groaned again. They helped him to his dressing-room. He was glad when they left him alone. They had no idea how badly he was hurt, nor what it foreboded. His anguish at that moment was not all due to the physical pain.

This was his last season as All British Champion. He had known it before this happened. He had known it before John Brough's glib prophecy in the *Daily Sun*. Brough had forecast failure for Harrington at the next *Sun* sports meeting and he had gone so far as to nominate a youngster named Kengate as his successor to the title.

Harrington's natural resentment was tempered by enough respect for Brough to recognize that he knew what he was talking about. A man could go on jumping his twelve and thirteen feet clearances, but the trained onlooker could detect just what effort it cost him, by what narrow margin he succeeded. He was thirty-one and not getting any younger.

Just the same, Harrington had resolved to give the lie to that particular forecast of Brough's. He had not yet met Kengate, but however good he was, Harrington intended to be that much better, no matter what it cost him. He knew that at the end of the season he would have to relinquish the title, but he was not ready for that yet. Hanging on to the championship till the last possible moment was, to his mind, the only way he could justify his life-long devotion to the sport, the sacrifices he had made for it, the ungrudging sacrifices Margaret had made for him.

ALTHOUGH he had triumphed at athletics he had failed at practically everything else. He held down a dull, routine job with no prospects, his savings were meagre, the home he had given her was appallingly inadequate and there was no kind of security. Yet when he had won through to the championship she had shared his achievement and considered, as he did, that it made up for everything.

He had hoped that by the time he lost the title something would have turned up to replace it. But he saw now that he had done nothing to encompass this. The only thing that turned up was another failure in a long succession of failures. From the pain in his chest as he sat there, he was pretty certain that Kengate would now have it all his own way at the *Sun* meeting.

Harrington's own doctor confirmed his worst fears. He called at the surgery on his way home and submitted to an examination. He had broken two ribs.

He refused his doctor's genial offer of a lift

He caught a queer look on her face. "You heard what that chap asked me, didn't you?" he said

home and walked the rest of the way. He felt ten times worse now, knowing the seriousness of his injury; his chest was constricted with plaster, any kind of violent movement was strictly forbidden. He was in the pit of misery and could not stand company, however genial.

Even Margaret's solicitous attentions were unwelcome. He was surly in his misery and did not tell her the extent of his injuries. The whole wretched business was too infuriating to talk about.

At nine o'clock that evening, when he was thinking about bed, the door bell rang. Margaret answered it and came back into the room looking nervous and puzzled.

"There's a—gentleman to see you."

He could tell that she said "gentleman" because she had left the outer door partly open. She stayed in the living-room and Harrington went through to the hall.

The visitor was middle-aged, of medium build, over-dressed, under-washed and he kept his hat on. His bland face, fixed with a knowing half-smile, was moving around a piece of gum.

"The name don't matter," he said, when Harrington requested it. "The thing is, you're Harrington and you're jumping at the *Sun* do next Wednesday—right?" The man's accent was a mixture of Manhattan and Mile End Road.

In his present state Harrington needed much less than that to make him angry. "Well?"

The visitor smiled. "Don't do it!" he said.

Harrington was taken aback.

"Scratch," the man said. "Back out. Tell 'em you hurt yourself worse than what you did, see? There's money in it."

HARRINGTON did not understand. The man came within smelling distance—whisky, tobacco and spearmint.

"Everybody's backing you to win," he explained in a thick, confiding voice. "And you will win, because you're the champ—no matter what Brough says. Brough's out on a limb. The Kengate boy's good, but not *that* good. Next season, yes. This season his price is *that* long. Now! We back Kengate to win, you scratch, we win a heap of dough, you get a two thousand cut—okay?"

Harrington understood. "Get out!" he said.

"Sure." The man went out, then put his head back round the door and looked about him at the flat disparagingly. "You could use it," he observed.

Harrington made a threatening movement and

Continued on page 29

ILLUSTRATED BY
K. J. PETTS

Battling pain, weakness and exhaustion with fanatical concentration, he hurled himself up into the air. The only thing that mattered was to clear the bar

Mr. Goodman's bright ideas strike rich

by WILFRED GREATOREX

How does one boost cars—or Icelandic cod? In his House of Ideas the publicity wizard broods till he finds the answer that clicks

LEON GOODMAN, a poker-faced little publicity man who today earns a five-figure income as head of Leon Goodman Displays, Ltd., and eight other London advertising companies, was having trouble with a stunt.

The first prize for the best-decorated trader's vehicle at a London carnival had just been awarded to the one he had designed and displayed—a kitchen tableau featuring a big and swarthy Italian in chef's uniform. Goodman thanked the Italian, whom he had engaged for the event through a theatrical agency and, on behalf of the winning firm, his clients, asked for the silver cup which the mayor had presented.

Indignantly, the Italian protested: "That's my cup." Goodman said there must be some mistake. "Then," he recalls, "the Italian started wiping a butcher's knife across his apron and asked what I was going to do about the cup." Goodman phoned the police, but was told that as the man was not intending to steal the cup, but thought it was his own, they could not help; the man was merely misguided, that was all. Goodman then tried using the mayor as an envoy, but "he came back faster than he went."

Desperate by now, Goodman rounded up every doorman and stagehand he could find at the theatre where the carnival actors were changing. Presently the Italian appeared from his dressing-room, still clutching the cup.

"I realized, rather sickeningly," says Goodman, who is a mild man with receding grey hair and thick-lensed spectacles, "that it was up to me to make a frontal attack. I knew a bit of ju-jutsu. To my surprise it came off. I threw him, snatched the cup—and ran."

Dressed Up Two Town Halls

A quizzical, thick-skinned fatalist of forty-four who looks more like a Harley Street specialist than an advertising magnate, Goodman is used to sticking his neck out in the interests of his clients. From a West End office-workshop, grandiosely called The House of Ideas, he carries on a profitable business of arranging exhibitions, publicity stunts, displays for shops, cinemas and garages, and stands for such annual trade events as the Radio and Motor Shows. He claims to make known—or better known—"everything from soft drinks to heavy industry," including cars, soap powders, razor blades, stationery, corsets, lipsticks, bicycles, toys, washing machines, refrigerators, television sets, brassières, and baking powder.

He is also concerned with celebration decorations. For the Coronation he dressed up three thousand garages and showrooms for the Ford, Nuffield, Austin and Standard motor companies; six hundred cinemas for J. Arthur Rank; a hundred railway bookstalls; shops in St. James's and Piccadilly, and the town halls, libraries and other public buildings of two London boroughs.

Goodman, who dresses quietly and has hardly ever been known to raise his voice, has been thinking up ways of attracting public attention to a variety of causes—charitable, patriotic, but mainly commercial—since he was twelve. His parents then thought him too young to go on a cycle tour and refused him the necessary money.

"I went round shops in the Finsbury Park district of London," he recalls, "offering to draw showcards and price tickets." This stroke of juvenile enterprise brought him £3, but heavy rain on the first day out meant that he had to spend most of his earnings on a cape. The trip consequently had to be cut short.

Now, Goodman gets a flow of commissions, ranging in value from thirty shillings to £30,000, that occupy a staff of a hundred designers, artists, salesmen, modellers, draughtsmen, sprayers, secretaries, carpenters, labourers, and professional gadgeteers. For the Coronation, he had a thousand helpers. He also regularly uses the services of freelance architects, photographers, sculptors and, as authorities on special subjects, three university professors. One of these prepared a thesis on the by-products of coal for Goodman's guidance when he ran a save-coal campaign for the government.

Trail Of The White Cloth

Goodman thrives on sensation. For the première of *The Importance Of Being Earnest* he arranged for the film's stars to be picked up close to Leicester Square by veteran cars, which then took them the remaining few yards to the Odeon cinema. In towns where *The Man In The White Suit* was shortly to be screened, he had 250,000 pieces of white cloth left on buses, trains and other public places.

Usually, Goodman distrusts the ready solution and likes to sit brooding over ideas. His personal assistant, Eunice Zielen, remembers him throwing out completed jobs and ordering an entirely new approach. "It's either *absolutely* right, or no good at all," Goodman said not long ago to a designer who admitted he was not completely happy about six big display signs made for a Midlands firm. "Scrap them and start again."

Then there was also the time when he gave his gadgeteers a rough sketch of a smoke-ring machine that would blow a steady advertisement for a popular brand of cigarettes. "They got one working adequately," he says, "but the smell was unbelievable. After a lot of experiments with different chemicals, we gave it up."

To carry out some ideas, Goodman uses actors, actresses, crowd-players and models, as well as a most unlikely range of "props." Once, he sent thirty entertainers to the Midlands, and on another occasion featured four Beefeaters—"genuine ones."

He has also hired, for exhibition purposes, a group of Chinese, a team of pretty girls from different countries including Russia and Siam, a thousand goldfish in showcases outside Earls Court, and a baby elephant. A few weeks ago he telephoned Eunice Zielen requesting a ship's bell within half an hour: it was needed for the "presentation" of a firm's luncheon at the Dorchester.

In his gadget-filled office in the West End, Leon Goodman shows a display idea to a designer.

The help of Goodman and his bright boys is frequently sought by sponsors of dinners and receptions who want to add novelty to the proceedings, and not long ago a manufacturer consulted them about his girl operatives' reluctance to wear hats for their own safety while at work. Goodman got Aage Thaarup, the Royal milliner, to design six models, then took him to the works and put on a show so that the girls could choose for themselves.

Had The Surrealists Guessing

"Leon has a flair for applied psychology," says one of his friends. "But he still gets surprises." Commissioned to display a Regent Street shop window some time ago, he cashed-in on the publicity then being given to an exhibition of surrealist art and light-heartedly filled the window with newspapers, flowers, kidneys, a stuffed owl, a grandfather clock, two skulls, and a bowler hat. "For all I remember," he says, "we put a kitchen stove in there as well."

When he went to see the completed display, he could not get near for the crowd. Next to him, he says, two young men were discussing it "most learnedly" and others were finding reasons for the owl and skulls. Feeling like a genius, he went back to the office and launched a contest with a prize for the best interpretation of what the artist meant. "It was one of the best stunts I've ever run."

Goodman does not always get his own way with ideas. There were complications when he wanted to put on a show of small wild animals as an eye-catcher for a domestic appliance firm. A list of animals that keep awake during the day was prepared, a consignment was ordered from India, and Goodman sent a man to the Zoo "to learn all he could about the animals' space, air, food and water needs." As a last precaution, the R.S.P.C.A. was asked for its blessing. "They wouldn't commit themselves," says Goodman. "If they did not like it, they might

Veteran cars, an international team of pretty girls, Nelson's Column have all been used in Goodman's stunts to boost his clients' products

Goodman collects costly furnishings, pipes and paintings. With his wife Dolly and his setter pup Freckles, he admires a new painting for his Mayfair home

issue a writ. The risk was too big to take, and I called off the whole thing."

There are also by-laws and Town and Country Planning Act clauses which confine Goodman's self-expression. Once, he used to send display-vehicles round the streets for advertising purposes—but not now. A few months ago, however, he had an idea while watching his men load a supply of lifesize cut-outs of Broderick Crawford, the film actor who was starring in a new release. "Don't stack them horizontally," said Goodman. "Put them upright, round the side- and tail-boards." Thus loaded, the lorry attracted a lot of attention on its roundabout run through central London to the offices of a big cinema circuit. "The driver," says Goodman blandly, "lost his way."

According to Goodman, three-dimensional advertising reached its peak during the last war. "In the national interest we were given tremendous freedom. We used Nelson's Column and even Mansion House. Only Buckingham Palace escaped."

Potato Pete Does His Bit

One afternoon in 1942 the Ministry of Food asked him to try persuading the British people to eat more potatoes, of which there was a glut at the time. Goodman doodled ideas on his blotter for a day or two before creating a Disney-like character called Potato Pete. He then called on two song-writers, Hugh Charles and Sonny Miller, and asked them to write a song round Pete. Goodman then called on the top band-leaders in turn—"peddling a song in the national interest. It was a line they hadn't encountered before. They looked sideways at me, but played it just the same."

"Potato Pete" was soon a hit. When it was being broadcast three and four times daily, however, the potato glut suddenly became a shortage, and Goodman was urged to call off his campaign. "I am the only song-plugger who ever went round pleading with band-leaders *not* to play a song," he says.

Goodman was eighteen when he first set up in the advertising business—as a commercial artist. Presently, with a partner, he took two rooms in a garage in Hornsey Road, London, and spent most of his time making loud noises with two hammers and a packing case in one room while his associate interviewed possible clients in the other. "The din was meant to suggest heavy orders," says Goodman. "It was usually wasted effort. Most callers only wanted to sell *us* something."

Changing The Face Of Kings

After two years Goodman left to take a £3 10s. a week job with a display firm. Ultimately he became manager, leaving to launch his own firm, with a friend, on £1,000 capital.

"Just as we were properly organized," he recalls, "we walked right into the preparations for the Coronation of King Edward VIII." Orders flowed in for decorations. Goodman commissioned a sculptor to model an eight-foot statue of King Edward in Coronation robes. Hundreds of reproductions—statues, models and busts—were made in all sizes. Then came the Abdication. It nearly ruined Goodman. "For days we worked on changing those heads, doing what we could to exploit the family likeness between Edward and King George VI. It was a hectic job, but we survived."

On the morning of September 4, 1939, Goodman went to his office wondering how many people he would have to fire now that war had begun. By midday, however, it was clear that he was running a vital concern. One after the other, government departments phoned their instructions about the propaganda they would require. Goodman found himself working on campaigns to persuade the British public to carry gas masks, to eat Icelandic cod, to produce for victory and to save money and fuel.

For brasshats and the Cabinet, he once put on a display of rocket projectiles at the War Office, and was also called on to "present" a new tank, then on the secret list, for the Prime Minister.

Today, Goodman studiously maintains top-level contacts in show business, industry and diplomacy. He and his wife, Dolly, entertain lavishly in their luxury home in South Street, Mayfair, just off Park Lane, where they live with a cook, housekeeper, chauffeur and two dogs, a pekinese named Chu Chu and an English setter pup known as Freckles.

"Most of the people we know are disappointed when they find the house isn't filled with gadgets," says Goodman, whose office was a design-sensation of the thirties. It is fitted with such utilitarian novelties as a public address microphone by which he can talk to his entire staff, a shelf that folds aside to reveal a cocktail cabinet, and a private toilet built behind a wall panel. There is also a silver whisky pourer, specially made to cope with the ravages of a titled business acquaintance who helped himself whenever Goodman was called from his office. It plays a tune when used.

A Stunt For The Boat Race

At home, Goodman indulges a fancy for costly furnishings and collects pipes and modern paintings. Most evenings, the Goodmans keep open house between six o'clock and eight. "Leon is a thoughtful man," says Dolly Goodman. "He sends flowers on the fourteenth of every month because we were married on a fourteenth day. But sometimes he gets so carried away by his work that he only arrives home just as our guests are leaving after dinner."

The thrill of the stunt still delights Goodman in a quiet way. He recently telephoned a friend to explain an idea he had for publicising a client's event. "We'll have two men sitting in a bus, one pretending to be deaf while the other shouts out the details over and over again," he explained.

There was also his contribution to last year's Boat Race. As the television camera followed Oxford and Cambridge past Mortlake Brewery it focused on a strip hoarding blazening the brewer's name. Says Goodman: "We had been up and down that stretch of river at least half a dozen times before deciding just how that sign should look." THE END

They lay and watched the launch come in. "It's the District Officer," David said. "He'll never have had a thing like this happen before, and he never will again"

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY SEABRIGHT

IN THE WET

by NEVIL SHUTE

England, the Palace, national crisis . . . it all seemed a million miles away

THIS WAS THE DREAM of Stevie, an old man who lay dying in a shack in Northern Queensland, marooned by floods and rain. The bush parson had given him absolution, and he had taken opium to ease his pain. He dreamt that his spirit was entering the body of David Anderson, an Australian airman—of the future. . . .

It was the year 1983. Anderson—nicknamed Nigger because he had some coloured blood—had become a pilot of the Queen's Flight in England. He quickly realized that he was involved in a constitutional crisis: a doctrinaire government was making the Queen's life increasingly difficult.

Nigger had fallen in love with Rosemary Long, a secretary on the Queen's personal staff. She had told him very little about the crisis, but he could see how worried she was.

The British Empire was worried, too. Australia, like other Dominions, felt she had a right to know what was going to happen to Britain and the Monarchy. The Queen and Prince Consort were now on their way, in Nigger's plane, to Canberra for discussions.

On Christmas Island, in mid-Pacific, the plane touched down for fuel. The Queen was so enchanted with the lonely atoll that she wanted to stay there and rest for a day or two.

That night, after dinner in the R.A.A.F. mess, Nigger had a strange and terrible dream. It was thirty years ago, he was an old man called Stevie, dying in great pain. . . . Slowly, he drifted back to consciousness, to Christmas Island, to 1983. . . .

PART 6

By The Lagoon

CHRISTMAS ISLAND. The pain hit him like a blow, and he opened his eyes, groaning and muttering with the pain. He was in a strange room that he did not recognize, but it was different from the hut in the middle of the floods, and there was moonlight in the room, and a glow of electric light under the door. Through the thin partition he heard a voice say, "Somebody else is having trouble in here. Who's sleeping in this one?"

He heard Rosemary say, "That's Wing Commander Anderson."

The door opened and the light was switched on and he sat up in bed, his stomach cramped and tense with pain. Dr. Mitchison in his pyjamas stood in the door, with Rosemary in her dressing gown behind him. The doctor said, "Are you feeling all right?"

"By God, I'm not," the pilot said. "I'm feeling awful."

"Stay there a minute, and I'll get you something." The doctor vanished up the corridor, and Rosemary stood in the doorway looking at him, and she was laughing; even in his pain he thought how charming in her dressing-gown she looked. "What's happening?" he asked.

She said, "It's the crayfish, I think, Nigger. Everybody's been in trouble except me—I didn't have any. It must have been a bad tin."

The doctor came back carrying a tumbler half full of water with a white powder in it, that he was stirring with the handle of a toothbrush. "Drink this," he said. "If it makes you sick, come along at once and I'll give you some more."

The pilot took it from him. "What is it?"

"Diazentothene. It'll put you right if you can keep it down."

He drank, and handed the glass back to the doctor, who went out quickly to another patient.

It was a white and shaken party that crept out on to the veranda one by one next morning as the bedrooms grew too hot to occupy with comfort; they sat in deck chairs in the shade in the breeze in the lightest of clothing, gradually recovering. There was nothing to be done except to let nature and modern drugs take their course. Most of the party lunched on diazentothene and brandy, though the stronger ones pecked at a milk pudding. Rosemary finished up the cold chicken.

David felt better after lunch. He dressed in a clean tropical uniform and went out in the utility to the airstrip to inspect the aeroplane and see that everything was in order there. He came back to the mess at about four o'clock and found Rosemary sitting on the veranda alone. "I went up to the District Officer's house and saw Philip," she said. "I asked if we could be excused from tennis, and he said we'd have the mixed doubles tomorrow. I was wondering how you'd feel about a bathe."

"I'm feeling all right now," he said. "I'd like a bathe." So they changed in their rooms and walked down to the beach, and lay together by the lukewarm water on the silvery-white sand.

A quarter of a mile to the south of them, in front of the District Officer's house, a small shade had been created at the head of the beach by slinging a tent fly between the casuarina trees, and in this patch of shade a middle-aged woman and her husband were sitting in bathing dress in deck chairs looking out over the lagoon.

David rolled over and looked at them, and said, "I wonder what they're talking about."

"England," said Rosemary. "I wonder if this is a good place to make decisions about England?"

"What's wrong with it?"

SHE turned to him on the sand. "It's too lovely, I mean—just look at it." She glanced around at the blue, sparkling sea, the white beaches, the olive-green groves of the coconut palms. "It's like something out of a theatrical set. England is grey industrial cities—Leeds, and Bradford, Newcastle and Birmingham. That's the England that really counts, and it's got nothing in common whatever with a place like this. Do you think that one could make a sound decision on what's best for Manchester, on Christmas Island?"

He glanced at her, and his glance strayed for a moment to her white skin, and the soft curves of her figure. He recalled himself to the subject under discussion. "She hasn't got to decide what's best for Manchester," he said. "She's got to decide what's best for the Commonwealth. Quite a lot of the Commonwealth consists of places like this—England's only just a little bit of it." He paused. "And anyway, she can't sit and think quietly anywhere else, without being badgered all day."

"I know," she said.

He glanced again at her fair skin, now flushed a little.

"You're burning," he said. "You'll be badly burned if we stay out in this sun. Let's get into the shade."

She looked down at her arms and legs. "I suppose I ought to. I'm not used to this." And then she looked at him. "You're much browner."

"Too right," he said equably.

"I didn't mean that, David," she said. "You're sunburnt too, aren't you?"

He glanced down at his body. "I don't think so," he said. "I think this is about as pale as I ever get."

"Anyway, nobody would think, to look at

"I'm not marrying anybody yet," she said. He took her hand in both of his. "How long is Yet?"

you, that you'd been writhing in agony twelve hours ago," she said.

"My word," he said. "I was crook. The things I dreamed about!"

From behind the point called London at the entrance to the lagoon a big motor launch appeared, a diesel-engined vessel ninety or a hundred feet in length. She came in at a smart pace between the land and Cook Island and headed into the lagoon, and revealed herself as a seaworthy, businesslike vessel painted white and in need of a new coat of paint; she flew the Australian blue ensign at the stern. Rosemary said, "Oh, look what's coming!"

He smiled. "I'll give you three guesses who that is."

"The District Officer from Fanning Island?"

He nodded. "Yes. He'll never have had a thing like this happen in his diocese before, and he never will again."

"He must have got a shock when he heard that the Queen and the Consort were living in his house on Christmas Island, and he was a hundred and eighty miles away and not there to receive them and do the honours."

THE vessel slowed as she came into the lagoon and brown sailors appeared on the foredeck and began to unlash the anchors and take stoppers off the chains. Then Rosemary said, "Oh, David—look!"

She caught his arm, and he thrilled at her touch. He glanced down at her hand, and then up again to see what had excited her. Three white men in spotless tropical suits had appeared on deck, and two white women dressed as for an afternoon function, with wide Ascot hats and gloves in hand, ready to come on shore to be presented to the Queen.

"Oh . . ." she said. "He's brought his wife and all sorts of people with him—and now they're lowering a boat." There was a world of disappointment in her voice. "Oh David! Even in a place like this she can't live simply—not even for a day!"

They glanced up the beach, but the deck chairs were empty; the occupants had already gone into the house. She said furiously, "Oh, people are such fools! They won't give her a chance!"

They sat silent in the shade of the casuarina trees and watched a boat row ashore to the small jetty in front of the District Officer's house, loaded with the men and the women in their best frocks.

Rosemary woke suddenly to a realization of her duties. "My God," she said suddenly, "I ought to be there helping to keep these blasted women off her." She grabbed her towel and ran back to the R.A.A.F. mess.

That evening before dinner, as David sat on the veranda sipping his tomato juice while the others drank gin, Frank Cox came to the mess and called him aside. "We're going on tomorrow, Nigger," he said. "Take off at about nine o'clock."

"For Canberra?"

"That's right."

"She's going straight to Tharwa, I suppose?"

"That's right. She can shut herself up there and see nobody at all. There's not the organization or the layout here to secure her privacy."

The pilot nodded. "What's Rosemary doing?"

"She's been shepherding the women around. She's gone off to the yacht with them now, with Macmahon. They're having dinner on board."

"Any idea when they're coming on shore?"

"The boat was ordered for nine o'clock."

David nodded. "I'll walk down and meet her. It's a bit dark for her to walk back through the trees alone."

He strolled down after dinner to the jetty and sat on a bollard in the darkness. The rising moon made a glow in the sky behind the point named Paris. The lights of the yacht were bright in the middle of the lagoon, and over the still water he could hear the sound of voices and laughter.

Presently, as he waited, there were steps upon the jetty behind him, and he got to his feet. The moon was not yet up, but in its coming light he saw the Consort and the Queen. She said, "Is that Commander Anderson?"

"Yes, Your Majesty. I was waiting for Miss Long to see her home."

"How nice of you. I was so sorry to hear about the crayfish. Are you all right now?"

He laughed. "Oh, yes. Dr. Mitchison fixed us up. Fixed himself up, too."

She said, "I was so sorry when I heard about it, because I know you sent us up the tins out of the aeroplane. But for that we might have had the crayfish, too."

He said awkwardly, "Oh, that's all right."

AS the moon rose in sight, they stood looking out over the lagoon. "It's a very lovely place," the Queen said. "I'm so glad to have had this time here. Some day I should like to come back here again."

"It's the best place to refuel between Canada and Australia," the pilot said.

The Queen turned to the Consort. "Perhaps we might have a little house of our own, if we come here often. A very little house, with just two bedrooms, where we couldn't entertain."

He said, "I should think that would be possible, my dear."

On the yacht there was a sound of voices upon deck, and a light at the companion ladder showing the boat manned below it. They saw Macmahon and Rosemary get into the boat, and watched it as it pushed off, with a rhythmic beat of oars.

"They're coming now," the Queen said. She turned to David. "I am sorry that it wasn't possible for us to have that game of tennis," she said. "I was looking forward to it. We must have it one evening at Tharwa. Would you bring Miss Long one evening, and have supper with us afterwards?"

"I'd like that very much," he said. "I'm sure she would, too, madam."

"She's been such a help to me today," the Queen said. "I'll let you know which evening when we get to Tharwa. Good night, Commander."

"Good night, madam."

They walked off into the shadows of the casuarina trees, and he stood waiting for the boat. Presently he was walking slowly back along the beach with Rosemary. "How did your party go off?"

"Oh, all right," she replied. "They're quite nice people, but of course they just can't understand that she's got to have a rest sometimes, and muck about like other people, and do what she wants. She was terribly good with them, of course—she always is. And they were so excited at meeting her. . . ." She paused. "One couldn't be bad tempered," she said quietly. "It's just the way things are."

HE looked down at her as they strolled together in the moonlight. "The Queen wants us to go and play tennis with her one evening when she gets to Tharwa," he said presently.

"The Queen does? When did you see her?"

"Just now, while I was waiting for you to come ashore. She walked out with Philip to the jetty."

"She wants both of us to go?"

"That's right. Tennis and supper."

The girl said in wonder: "But she hardly knows my name. It's all right here, of course. But Tharwa—well, it's more like the Palace."

He smiled. "I don't know what Aunt Phoebe at Chillagoe would say if she knew that I was having supper with the Queen. Maybe they'd promote her to serve in the bar."

She stopped, and laid her hand upon his arm. "I don't like to hear you talk like that, David," she said. "You started farther back than most people, and you've worked up to the point when your own country puts you forward as the best man that they've got to serve the Queen. If she wants you to have supper with her, it's because she wants to know you better, for the sake of your achievements. Don't be cynical about it."

He turned and faced her, and took her hand in both of his. "Look," he said huskily, "I think it's time we had a talk about things."

"What sort of things, David?"

"I want to clear the air about this colour business," he replied. "I want to know if you could ever bring yourself to think of marrying me."

She stood in the slanting light of the low moon, looking up at him. "If I wanted to marry you, I'd marry you for what you are and what you've done, David," she said. "I wouldn't mind about the colour. But I'm not marrying anybody yet."

He smiled down at her. "How long is Yet?"

She looked down at her hand that he was holding. "It's a long, long time," she said. There was a pause, and then she raised her head and faced him. "I don't want to make things difficult for you, David," she said. "I know you're fond of me. A girl knows that, and it's made me very proud that you should like me. But now I've got to tell you that I'm not marrying, not for a long time, anyway. Perhaps it would be better if we didn't go about so much together."

"I think it would be worse," he said.

"I'm not so sure," she replied. "You *must* try and understand that I'm not marrying anybody, David—anybody at all. If I was, I'd probably

Continued on page 25

Concluding ALASTAIR MARS'S thrilling story of submarine warfare

Trapped in an underwater inferno

As our torpedoes raced home, I saw the spotter plane drop a depth charge marker above us. The "heat" was on. Down we dived—with nothing to protect us but prayer

WE SLIPPED away from Khoms without further trouble. Our luck had held. The torpedo-boat guarding the merchantman we had tried to destroy had failed to spot us. It had been a nasty set-up operating in a submarine in those shallow, restricted waters, and our disappointment at missing our target was mixed with feelings of relief at having got away unscathed.

As we steered northwards towards the Sicilian Channel, Petty Officer Willey came into the wardroom. "Excuse me, sir. Immediate from S.10." With his customary impassiveness he handed me a signal slip. It ordered Unbroken to proceed to a position off the island of Lampedusa. There had been considerable activity around the north coast of Sicily and an important enemy convoy was expected to move southwards across to Africa that night. All available submarines were to close in on it.

That night there was a constant hustle between the wireless office and the wardroom as signals from Malta detailed the convoy's strength and course. There was one large tanker, brimming over with petrol, and four supply ships swollen with tanks and motor vehicles. Escorting them were seven of Italy's most modern destroyers, and more aircraft than our observers could count. Their course appeared to be taking them from Sicily across to Pantelleria, then past Lampedusa and Lampione to Tripoli. Captain Simpson's final signal pointed out that the destruction of the convoy could make "all the difference" to the war in North Africa.

Took A Suicidal Risk

We dived at dawn and by 10 o'clock were in position between Lampione and Lampedusa. After a hurried meal, I sat in the wardroom impatient for some sign of the convoy. But all was quiet until 2 p.m., when Utmost, taking a suicidal risk, surfaced to signal that the convoy was just beyond our horizon. Although we did not know it at the time, Unbending had sunk one of the escorting destroyers at eleven that morning.

As soon as the signal came through from Utmost, I hurried to the control-room, took over the periscope and had the boat shut-off for depth charging. Five minutes later I saw a smudge of smoke on the western horizon. I ordered a change of course towards the enemy.

Twenty-five minutes later we started the attack, our target the oil tanker. Near her were a supply ship of about seven thousand tons, and two smaller vessels, while four of the destroyers circled round throwing up huge white bow

Alastair Mars, D.S.O., D.S.C., at Buckingham Palace in 1943, when he was awarded his D.S.O. for destroying two enemy cruisers in one attack

waves. I could see only three of the escorting aircraft. Hindering our attack was the elaborate zig-zag course of the convoy. Twice as the time of firing approached they turned away from us. Then, as I feared they would continue their second turn-away, they swung back.

"Down periscope. What track am I on?"

"A hundred and ten degrees, sir."

Tricky. "Stand by all tubes. Up after periscope." In the small attack periscope the target, four miles away, was invisible, but I could see one of the aircraft flying uncomfortably close. The convoy was slightly off our starboard bow now, with one destroyer sweeping round between ourselves and the target. Another destroyer raced along astern of the first, while a third suddenly swung round and approached us bows-on.

The Tell-tale Periscope

The sea was too choppy for us to keep depth at any speed less than four knots, while waves splashed the periscope, obscuring my vision. There was only one way of continuing the attack—stick about five feet of the big periscope out of the water and hope that the aircraft did not spot it.

The enemy's speed was only eight knots, which would necessitate a long interval between each torpedo. To reduce this I decided to fire as the submarine swung to starboard. It meant that each torpedo would have to be fired by eye, but the result would be more accurate.

Time was growing short. To add to my worries the nearest destroyer was no more than a thousand yards off. She would be on top of us in sixty seconds, and a good look-out should already be able to see our "big stick" when it shot out of the water. Nonetheless, up it had to go.

"Up forrard periscope. Starboard ten." I saw nothing but water splashing the periscope glass. I cursed roundly. "What's the depth now, Number One?"

"Twenty-six feet, sir."

"Bring her up to twenty-four. I can't see a thing."

"Coming up. . . . Twenty-four feet."

"Half ahead together." Time was vital. The enemy were right on top of us. But I soon forgot these things as my sights came on the tanker. There was only one motto for a successful attack: fire first and worry later.

Spotted By Enemy Seaplane

The periscope was fixed between the tanker's mast and funnel. "Stand by. . . . Fire one!"

The Unbroken bounced as the torpedo shot into the water. "Fire two! Fire three!" My sights swung on to one of the supply ships. "Fire four!" I swallowed. My salvo was fired.

I swung the periscope, very aware that I was viewing the situation from the top of a long pole sticking high above the surface of the sea. To my horror I found myself looking straight into the cockpit of a seaplane in a steep bank. "Down periscope! Group up! Seventy feet!" As I clipped home the periscope handles I saw a vague shape drop from the aircraft. I shot out my hand and pressed the klaxon for an emergency increase in depth.

A bomb? I waited, stiffened, for an explosion. . . . No, not a bomb! It was a marker—and we were now only eight hundred yards from the leading destroyer.

"Hard a-port," I called. "Steer one-five-five. Full ahead together." The air screamed from "Q" tank. Down, down, down. There was nothing left but prayers and hope.

In the torpedo compartment, Petty Officer Lee chalked on the tally board the four torpedoes fired—making our total twenty-five—and waited expectantly for the sound of an explosion. But he did not stand idle. He checked that one of the doors to the tube space was properly clipped, saw all was ready for closing the other door in a hurry, and moved his torpedo-firing party to their depth charge posts in the torpedo compartment where the last kipper of the patrol lay in its rack. Here they would work the fore 'planes if "local control" was ordered. Above them were the two hatches which might well be the first places to crack open if a depth charge fell too close—the fore hatch through which the torpedoes were brought aboard, and the forrard escape hatch. On my orders this was always kept firmly clipped from the outside. No one would ever escape through it. We would sink or surface together.

Suspense In A Steel Dungeon

Abaft and below the torpedo party, the forrard pump worker squatted in his damp, stinking steel dungeon in the bilges, mechanically stopping and starting the ballast pump at the dictates of the electric telegraphs. In the engine-room, Artificer Leech carefully watched the rating working the after ballast pump. There was little else for Leech to do save share the general discomfort and fear. The engines were well shut off. He draped himself across an engine casing and hoped for the best. Farther aft, Scutt and his "winger" stood fiercely concentrating on a mass of ammeters, voltmeters, repeaters and thermometers, as well as telegraphs. The motors whirled beneath their feet. Scutt and his assistant were the lucky ones. They were too busy to fear for the sound of depth charges.

Right after in the tail, unseen and alone, squatted a stoker. Doubled up in the narrow stern space, his teeth rattled with the vibration of the propellers. He watched the steering and after 'plane motors, with an occasionally unhappy glance at the after escape hatch above his head, also tightly clipped from the outside.

"What's the depth round here, Archdale?"

"Difficult to say, sir." He turned towards me. "It's badly charted. Something between twenty-three and thirty-four fathoms."

"What's the bottom?"

"That's a bit vague, too. Might be sand or shingle. Possibly even coral."

Submarine Chasers Close In

There was no time to reflect on the shortcomings of the hydrographers, for Cryer, the asdic operator, roared across the control-room: "Enemy in contact. Starboard beam. . . . Another destroyer red one-five-oh. Seems to be in contact, too."

I licked my lips and gnawed at a thumbnail. *They are certainly close enough.*

From Cryer: "Revs increasing. Destroyer on port quarter coming in to attack."

One destroyer was holding us in contact, directing the other to the attack. From the volume of the noise of our screws the enemy knew we were doing top speed and would make suitable allowances for his depth charges. We must dodge.

"Group down. Slow together. Silent routine."

A distant, tinny explosion made us all jump. "A torpedo hit," reported Cryer. For a moment I relaxed and smiled. Then came the sound of a second kipper striking home. Five minutes had passed since the moment of firing. *Whatever happens to us, we've left our mark.*

From Cryer: "They're slowing down, sir. One destroyer on each quarter. Both in contact."

The first depth charge was too close for comfort, and the next three were even closer. The destroyer on the starboard quarter had crossed our stern to join the other on the port side, dropping her eggs in our wake as she did so. "H.E. all round," said Cryer, and as he spoke we heard the familiar noise of an express

Unbroken's proud record of "kills" in the Mediterranean. During Alastair Mars's command of the tiny 600-ton submarine, he sailed 24,000 miles, sank more than 30,000 tons of enemy shipping, torpedoed two Italian cruisers, and had about 400 enemy depth charges dropped around his ears

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD OSMOND

Suddenly the boat was turned into a monstrous cocktail-shaker. I grabbed the ladder, and in the lunatic confusion I realized we were going down

train tearing from a tunnel as a third destroyer rushed over us to join the attack.

There was a half-minute of silent apprehension, then a great *clang* on the casing. A depth charge had scored a direct hit but, by a miracle, had failed to explode. A moment later, it went off below the wardroom, together with three others in the salvo.

An inferno of ear-splitting, bone-rattling chaos was let loose: a lunatic confusion of crashing glass and cursing men as the submarine was turned into a monstrous cocktail shaker. In the middle of it all, darkness, as every electric light bulb in the boat was smashed in its socket. A shower of cork from the deck-head rained down. The shock would have thrown me from my feet had I not grabbed the control-room ladder. The luminous depth gauge needles jumped from their frames and hung drunkenly useless. Gauges throughout the boat were shattered. I started to lose balance, and was temporarily paralysed with fear as I realized the bows were dipping.

"These Boats Can Take It!"

Torches were switched on. I pulled myself together and looked across at the barometer glass. It did not look broken. I tapped it. It moved: a slight increase of pressure. The hole could not be a large one. We had a chance.

Chief engine-room artificer Manuel stumbled through the gloom. "It's all right, sir. These boats can take it."

"Thanks, Chief. Check up quickly all round, will you?"

He nodded and went aft. The indicator of "Q" tank flickered. Somehow it had flooded. A moment later an explanation came when the engine-room reported: "After pump hull valve shut."

"*What?* Who the hell *opened* it?"

"They say it jumped open two turns. It's all right now, sir." The shock of the explosion had opened hull valves — had worked the wormwheel against the worm, supposedly a mechanical impossibility—and water had poured in to lower the bows.

Pumps Go Into Action

Haig Haddow, my number one, brushed against me. "Shall I blow 'Q' now, sir?" He was as calm as if we had experienced no more than a jaunt on a roller-coaster.

"No," I replied. "Mustn't blow. They'll hear it. Put the after pump on the midship tank, and pump like hell from forrard with the forrard pump. It'll need some pumping. We must have shipped a good few extra tons of water. We've got to pump like fury to stop our bows from going down any more. I wonder how far we've dived? Try and get a depth from forrard."

From Sizer, the coxswain: "After 'planes out of action, sir."

There was a second rattling convulsion as fresh depth charges crashed down.

"From aft, sir. Defect on port main motor. Will you stop it, please?"

"Stop port, full ahead starboard. After 'planes in local control"

"Depth gauges forrard and aft all smashed, sir," reported Haddow.

"Leech!" He came running from the engine-room. "Open up a pressure gauge on the engine circulating system and get me a depth."

Someone stuck a bulb into a socket and we had some light. At least the fuses hadn't been smashed. But we still had enough trouble on our hands. From the engine-room: "Depth, sir, one hundred and sixty feet" Were we scraping the bottom? No one could tell.

The light in the electric bulb began to dim. "From the motor-room, sir, large drop in voltage." The batteries! We had forgotten them in the stress of the moment. Before I could pull my wits together, Sizer reported: "After 'planes are now in local control but they still aren't responding."

"Tell Leech to go aft and try to find out the trouble."

"Report from the motor-room, sir. Port main motor field regulator gearing smashed. Trying to clear it."

Butterworth poked his head into the control-room. "Batteries gassing, sir."

"Thirsk, take a hand and examine the main battery bilges."

Jones Finds Time To Joke

I sniffed. An acrid smell of gas. Slowly it became stronger as the choking fumes seeped through the boat. At that moment another pattern of depth charges crashed into the sea. They were a little way off. Another pattern exploded—even farther away.

"I think they have lost contact," said Cryer.

So we'll choke to death instead of drowning.

Jones moved from the asdics. In silence he handed me a slip of paper. I screwed up my eyes to read it in the fading light: "Jones, John. Able Seaman. D/JX 254129. Request to go back to General Service." I grinned and passed it round the control-room.

By this time, despite the uselessness of the after hydroplanes, we were managing to stagger

along. Their absence, however, caused us to curve up and down like a switchback at between 120 and 170 feet. The gas was tickling my nose and scratching my throat.

Two more charges exploded to port. "Only two," I murmured. "Perhaps they're running out."

Manuel arrived from aft. "The starboard shaft is revolving quite sweetly," he reported, "and there are no leaks aft. They'll not be long with the port motor, but you won't be able to vary its speed much." Archdale came to report there were no leaks forrard, either.

Cryer could still hear asdic transmissions, but it appeared that the tornado was over. We described a large circle to starboard, then drew away to the north-west. A single ashcan went off in the distance. I glanced at the control-room clock. It had stopped at 3.26. I looked at my own watch—3.40. It seemed impossible that only fourteen minutes had elapsed.

Battery Was On Fire

The poisonous smoke from the batteries continued to seep through the boat, lying heavily just above the level of the deck. I reckoned that if it did not increase its speed of discharge we would surface before it had a chance to choke us. On the strength of this assumption I let myself relax a little.

At 4.20 p.m. I was given a verbal report on the condition of the batteries. There was a considerable amount of acid in the two sumps, showing that cells in both batteries were broken. There were—praise Heaven—no signs of salt water to produce chlorine gas. Number two battery, however, was on fire, and had started giving off heavy smoke. The poisonous fumes, the smoke, and the heat of the fire tainted the thick, heavy air with choking foulness.

I ordered that distilled water should be hosed over the burning battery to keep the temperature down. The men doing the job were issued with respirators, and I wondered how long it would be before we all wore them.

An hour later we bumped and jolted to periscope depth. Nothing in sight. The light was fading. We surfaced, and I climbed to the bridge and to the cool calm of a Mediterranean evening.

As I stood gulping the clear, fresh air, the torpedo gunners mate reported that our one remaining torpedo appeared to be in good order. No one at Malta knew yet of our plight, and they brightly sent a signal ordering us to patrol off Kuriat the following day. I read it and shrugged. *Why not? We can just manage to dive. There's a torpedo of sorts left, and we've got a gun and plenty of ammo.*

Dispersed In Confusion

Signals told me that the convoy had re-formed after "dispersing in confusion," and aircraft from Malta reported that one damaged vessel was being escorted back to Lampedusa by one of the destroyers. She was the second of my torpedo targets. (Next day she was found by the Safari and sunk.)

The Malta aircraft could find only five destroyers. There having been seven when the convoy set out, and allowing for the one sunk by the Unbending, it was thought a fair probability that one of my torpedoes sank the other. But we never really knew, and claimed only to have damaged the merchantmen.

I ordered a course towards Kuriat, and went below for a fuller examination of our wounds. When I reached the motor-room, I discovered that number one battery was also on fire. This did not mean that flames were licking our feet. The battery fires were electrical—a red-hot mass of metal cell plates and boiling acid setting alight the vulcanized wood of the cell containers. Lack of air in the batteries prevented the smouldering mass from bursting into flames, but the temperatures of the batteries were rising fast and the blinding smoke poured out with increasing density.

It was clear we could not dive again without terrible risk. "Tell the officer of the watch to alter course to one-eight-oh. We're going home."

I went to the wardroom and drafted a signal to Malta outlining our troubles. Soon after the signal was sent all hopes of diving next day were completely shattered: the fire in number two battery became so fierce that we would certainly suffocate if we did not keep to the surface. In any case, it was no use diving if there would be no electricity to turn the motors.

With the ventilation running flat out we managed to grab a cup of soup and a bite of tinned meat for supper. We ate as best we could, sharing the few plates that had not been smashed in the uproar. The decks were scorching beneath our feet, and Scutt spent his time spraying the boat with distilled water. When this gave out he switched to fresh water, of which we still had a good supply.

None of us slept that night, despite our extreme weariness, for no one wanted to take a chance of being gassed in bed. Instead, the men off watch crowded into the control-room and found some little relief from the lung-poisoning smoke in the draught that blew down the conning tower.

After I had eaten, I climbed to my deck chair on the bridge. The night was moonlit with a gentle northerly breeze. The danger of E-boats forced us to zigzag while the moon was up, and we kept a look-out for a U-boat which had been reported in the area.

Nor could we forget the trouble below. The battery ventilation outlet was at the after end of the boat's superstructure, and the light following wind wafted the sulphurous yellowy-green smoke over the bridge.

Shortly after midnight we received a signal from Malta saying we would be met at dawn by a motor launch and that fighter protection would be provided. There were six hours to go.

The look-outs were doubled, and we limped on. Then, as I sat huddled in my chair, thinking over the events of the past day and wishing I could sleep, a voice called out: "Object bearing red seven-oh."

I jumped up and grabbed my glasses. As I did so the "object" sailed into the moon and I recognized the silhouette of the Safari. She recognized us, too, and turned away. With a sigh of relief I slumped back into my chair.

Never was a friendly face so welcome as that of Lieutenant John Peel when he drew alongside in M.L. 121. A moment after his arrival an aircraft swept across the dawn sky from Malta.

By nine o'clock everyone below had to wear gas masks. Number Two battery was disconnected, for it was now a bubbling cauldron of molten metal, gas and steam. For the sake of those whose jobs kept them below, the fore hatch was opened, and the remainder of the crew came up top and squatted on the casing. By the time we reached Lazzaretto in the afternoon, smoke was billowing from the conning tower as though from a factory chimney.

As the Unbroken was nudged into dry dock the seams amidships opened and number two battery was flooded with salt water. Chlorine gas filled the boat. Once again we had escaped disaster by the skin of our teeth.

Mass Of Molten Junk

It used to be said among experienced skippers that a submarine could withstand an attack in which a third of her battery cells were broken, but none had been known to withstand the loss of more than half. That was understandable when you consider the amount of force needed to destroy battery cells. Each of the Unbroken's weighed a quarter of a ton, and we carried 224 of them. By this reckoning, a half weighed twenty-eight tons. If there was enough force to destroy twenty-eight tons of cells, there was enough force to sink the boat.

I had this in mind as I watched the workmen remove the shattered cells from our batteries. The 112 cells of number two battery were an unrecognizable mass of molten junk, and it took the men three days to shovel it out. From number one battery a dozen cells were removed. A total of 124 cells—thirty-one tons worth.

Yet we had survived. . . .

• • •

[It took four weeks to knock Unbroken back into shape. As Scutt wryly remarked as he gazed at her buckled plates in dry dock, "They should change her name from Unbroken to Badly Bent." But, by November, the submarine was almost as good as new, and Mars and his men went off to sea again on another round of adventures.

Christmas, 1942, was spent off Naples, and the crew celebrated by sinking a 6,000-ton ship. In a subsequent hair-raising attack, they torpedoed a troopship — and almost sank themselves when one of the torpedoes went wrong and circled madly around them three times before plunging to the bottom.

Mars's last patrol in the Unbroken ended with the sinking of a 10,000-ton tanker, and then in April, 1943, he returned home for a joyous reunion with his wife—and the first sight of his fifteen-months-old daughter, June. Unbroken came home a few months later and Mars went to welcome the crew and yarn over old times. Then they parted company again—Mars to the Far East to command the submarine Thule. Unbroken was handed to the Russians in 1944.

When she returned five years later, she was towed to a Newcastle scrapyard to be broken up and her hard, unyielding steel reforged into a new strength. "I like to think," says Mars, "that in some new shape and form, Unbroken continues to sail beneath the Mediterranean's blue water, still of service to her country and the White Ensign."] THE END

"Unbroken," by Alastair Mars, D.S.O., D.S.C., is published as a full-length book by Frederick Muller, Ltd., at 12s. 6d.

LIFE WITH FATHER

DAVID'S recollections of his childhood are tantalizingly dim. "My parents," he writes, "first materialize on the threshold of memory as Olympian figures who would enter the nursery briefly to note, with gravely hopeful interest, the progress of their first born."

His father had been in the navy, and the habits and outlook he had formed in the service continued to regulate his daily routine. "He retained a gruff, blue-water approach to all human situations, a loud voice, and also that affliction so common to navy men, a damaged eardrum.

"He never lost the nautical habit of consulting the barometer the first thing every morning and the last thing at night. No matter where he was, on his way to breakfast or to bed, he would make a bee-line for this instrument. He would peer at the glass, tap the case sharply to make sure that the needle was not stuck, and see it again."

The son's boyhood was a strict one, because the father was strict in his own life. "He was a perfect expression of the Victorian and Edwardian eras. . . . He had the Victorian's sense of probity, moral responsibility, and love of domesticity. He believed in God, the invincibility of the Royal Navy, and the essential rightness of whatever was British. At the same time he had the Edwardian flair for clothes and fondness for sport."

He was a fine shot; and there were few men in the country who could teach him anything about sailing a boat.

"Yet through everything cut the sharp concept of duty summed up for him in the precept that, copied in his round hand, he kept on his writing desk: 'I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness that I can show any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.'" These lines David was made to memorize.

Combined with his father's stern sense of duty was an almost fanatical sense of punctuality. "Only through rare accidents was he ever known to be late. His days were organized with railway precision—even to the habit of his post-luncheon nap, a carry-over from his watch-keeping days in the navy. Such was the

power of my father's will that he could fall asleep instantly and wake up exactly fifteen minutes later, just as if an alarm clock had gone off inside his head."

Some of David's happiest childhood memories are linked with the hour before dinner, when his mother rested in her boudoir in a negligée, and her children were gathered round her on little chairs.

But he came to understand the job that lay ahead of him when he was in his father's study—a small room overlooking the drive, with a closet containing his treasured shotguns.

"His private interests centred upon his family, his shooting, his sailing and his stamp collection. Everything about him was always of the best—his clothes, his fine hammer-guns by Purdey, his food, his stationery, his cigarette cases by Fabergé (the famous jeweller of the Imperial Russian Court), the presents he gave his friends.

"My father's life was a masterpiece of the art of well-ordered, unostentatious, elegant living. No matter the place, no matter the occasion, perfection pervaded every detail."

Because their viewpoints were often apart, there were differences between the father and son. But the day they journeyed together to the Isle of Wight for David to enter the Royal Naval College at Osborne, the father said something his son never forgot: "Now that you are leaving home, David, and going out into the world, always remember that I am your best friend."

Who was the famous father? For his name—and the complete photograph—turn to page 31

INSIDE DARTMOOR

Continued from page 8

buildings have hardly altered since. My cell was cold; a stale, ancient cold which held the familiar prison smells—a chilly fug of sweat and urine, comestibles and ammonia—as a rock holds seams. The buff-ochre walls were discoloured with damp; the light, a foggy, capricious glare of gaslight which filtered through an aperture above the door from the passage outside, was as mean as the warmth from the tepid pipe which ran across the wall.

The cell measured eight feet by twelve feet and was nine feet high. There was a window, two and a half feet square, with three iron bars and sixteen small panes of opaque glass in which was set a six-inch by two-inch sliding slot for ventilation. Against the left wall as I looked towards the window was my truckle bed; in the corner above it was a bracket of three shelves which supported my cup and saucer, my tin knife, tin fork, spoon and tin plate.

Only Place Of Safety

Near the door, a table was built into the wall. An enamel bowl and jug were for ablutions; a sanitary bucket stood behind the door. A bell-button was beside the bed; a slotted spy-hole which opened, naturally, from the outside, was placed in the door at about the height of a slightly stooping man. A fly-blown card, setting out the—mainly obsolete—prison regulations, was nailed on the left-hand wall.

I have described the cell in some detail; detail, perhaps, which will have no significance for those who have never been in prison. A convict spends more than three-quarters of his prison time in his cell. It is his territory; he gets to know it better than any space he ever knew in the world outside.

Only in his cell can he feel himself to be safe. Safe to be himself in the context of prison conditions; safe also—as my story will show—against the threat of physical violence. In so far as he has a private existence, he passes it in his cell, and the layout of his "peter" becomes intensely important. On it he must base the strategy of his eternal war with authority.

He gets to know to a hair's breadth the relative positions of his cell appointments. On his nice knowledge of the angle between wall and table in relation to the "screw's" line of vision through the judas might depend three months' remission of sentence, or the safety of a precious hoard of tobacco.

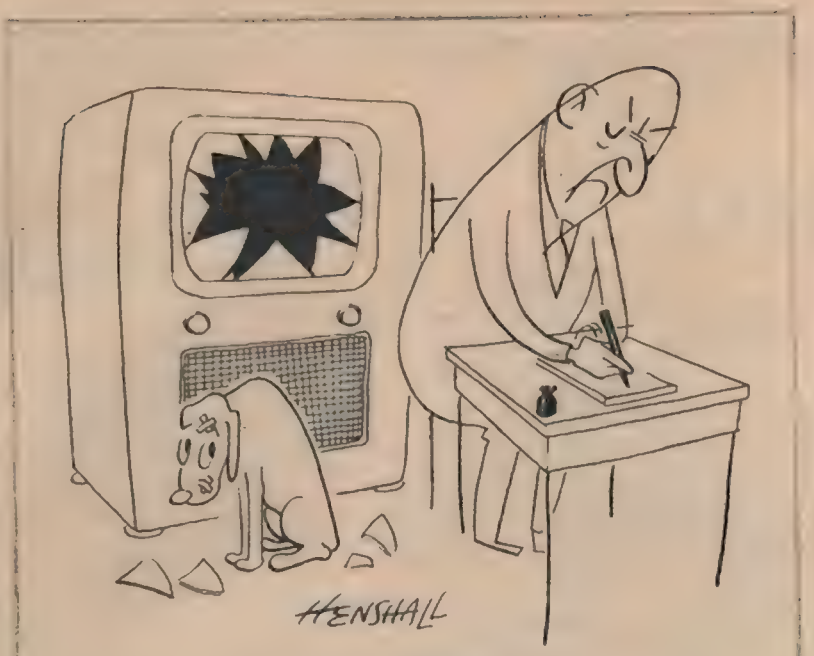
A prisoner at Dartmoor is under continual supervision. At no moment can he be quite sure that he is unobserved. In every cell there is an "observation" side. In Dartmoor, on my landing at least, this was the left, facing the outside wall. Here were my bed, table and shelf, the area in which I would normally be found. The door was so hung that a warder entering the cell would automatically command this side, and immediately catch sight of the convict within. A "screw" never opens a cell door unwarily, or in a hurry. Nobody and nothing is trusted in the Moor.

Alarming Row Broke Out

After inspecting my cell minutely and checking my bed clothes piled on the bed, I sat down to wait for the promised tea. I had not been waiting long before an infernal and alarming racket broke out. Grunts, wails, high-pitched snorts and melodious trills came from all around me: it was as if a band of inebriated monkeys had broken into an instrument shop.

Although I had been previously warned about it, the noise was startling after the silence of Durham. Convicts may bring musical instruments to the Moor and, once they are privileged prisoners, are allowed to play them—or learn to play them—between 6.30 and 7.30 in the evening. At a yell of "Kick-off!" from the landing "screw," the cacophony starts, and does not let up for the full sixty minutes.

I became inured to this hellish pandemonium afterwards and trained



"Dear George Cansdale . . ."

myself to read, write and even sleep through it. On that first night I found it troubling. This music-making was a privilege allowed only to prisoners doing long terms. It reminded me of the three years I had yet to do.

With this in mind, I took stock of myself and my position. I thought I had no illusions about the Moor, but in spite of all that I had heard, I realized that only experience could teach me to live in it. Dartmoor might be different, unique, yet my stretch in Durham had shown that there are certain rules of conduct that hold good for any prison.

The first is to lie low, to keep your mouth shut and your eyes and ears open for two or three weeks, or for as long a period as is necessary to get the "feel" of the place. A convict must step very carefully during his apprenticeship. He will be sounded both by prisoners and by authority. Traps will be set for him; confessions will be invited and advances made.

A prisoner is alone. He has no friends and no confidants. Except on a strictly business and reciprocal basis, he has no allies. Nobody, "screw" or convict, will do anything for him from disinterest. Yet, and paradoxically, he cannot stand on his own feet. In the multi-graded society of prison he must be identified with a group, must be "with" somebody.

He Must Move Warily

Because most of his life is lived in a cell, the men he must be "with" are those in the cell next to his. These are the men he will see most often and with whom he can communicate. But here, once more, he has to be cautious. His neighbour might be an informer, a "grass," or be otherwise untrustworthy even for the iron expedients of prison life.

I knew nobody at Dartmoor. Much as I wanted to, I dared not yet try to communicate with my unknown neighbours. I was to congratulate myself on my prudence a few days later.

Soon after the "music" had stopped, a warder unlocked my door and handed in a slice of bread, a pint mug of tea and a very small tin of marmalade. The "screw" was brisk.

"You reception?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you're for the governor tomorrow."

The door was locked again. I ate my meal and arranged my bed. When the light went out at 9 p.m. I tried to settle down for the night. It was long and cold, and I hardly closed my eyes. With the regularity of a metronome, a warder marched down the steel corridor every fifteen minutes, pushing on the door of each cell.

A Dartmoor day begins with the loud ringing of a ship's bell and a kick from a "screw" on your door. I needed no waking, but was dressed and ready when the order for "slopping out" came at 7.30. Slopping out is done in the "recess," a small room at the end of every landing. Since the recess plays an important part in the legitimate and clandestine activities of a convict, I will describe what happens in it more fully.

Carrying their buckets and water-jugs, the prisoners slop out by threes. Only one man may enter the recess at a time; guarded by a "screw," the others wait just outside it. The recess contains a lavatory basin and a tap of running water. As one prisoner emerges with his empty bucket and full jug, the warder allows one of the waiting men to take his place. For a moment, then, one prisoner is very near another. In prison, a great deal can happen in a moment. A second or two is ample time in which to whisper a warning, or slip a packet over; it is long enough, too, to let one prisoner "do" another—to slash him quickly, or to drive the sharp end of the jug into his face. Recess time can also be an opportunity for the "queers," or homosexuals.

Slopping out is a nervous period for convicts and "screw" alike, a dangerous corner to be turned. As the months went by, I was to learn its uses. On my first morning I was a new boy and everything went normally.

Back in a cell after "slops," I was given breakfast—porridge with no sugar and milk, and a mug of tea. I was also handed my razor blade, which I returned to the "screw" half an hour later, before the first parade. A blade is thought to be too dangerous an instrument for a convict to carry except for half an hour a day, when he is locked in his "peter" and can use it on none but himself. But blades can be broken and a piece of one get "lost." The difficulty of making or procuring a maiming weapon in Dartmoor is among the least of a prisoner's anxieties.

The governor's office is in E Hall, which might be called the administrative hall, or block. Here also, appropriately enough, are the punishment cells, and a line of what are known as "branch" cells. It was in one of these that I waited my turn. A convict at Princetown is clamped in a cell on every possible occasion. Never is he allowed to stand about under guard, even for a few minutes. "Get him locked into four walls" seems to be the master obsession of the official mind.

Seen Through A Grille

My branch cell was unheated; water oozed down the walls. It was a very cold prisoner who was finally led in to see Major Harvey.

I had heard of Major Harvey before coming to the Moor. He was known up and down the penal world as "Bread and Water" Harvey, a nickname earned by his habit of awarding this punishment on—in the prisoners' judgment—very slight provocation. As the "screw" marched me in, I thought for a moment that the governor was not yet present. I was wrong. Major Harvey was there right enough, but he was receiving me from behind a grille. It was a grille of steel mesh of the kind that is used to bar post office counters. Its three sides formed a spacious cage against the wall. This erection dates from the mutiny of 1932; the memory of this event has affected every aspect of life at Princetown.

The governor was a very tall man, pale, thin and rather stooping. He was casually dressed in sports jacket and cord trousers. This was the costume he wore invariably, on duty or otherwise; its picturesque disarray earned him another sobriquet—"The Tramp." Behind his protective stockade, he was flanked by two warders and with him was "Corned Beef"—the Chief Prison Officer.

"Reception from Durham, sir," said my warder.

"Well," the governor said, "so you've reached Dartmoor."

"Yes, sir."

"You can make your stay here good or bad. It's up to you." He fiddled with some papers. "You've got a clean record; see that you keep it clean."

I said "Yes, sir," again. The interview was over.

Deputations Were Futile

I was to see the governor very often during my stay at the Moor. Sometimes officially, when I stood before his grille; more frequently as he passed on inspection or wandered round a working party outside, gazing up at the sun in a puzzled way, as if—as one prisoner put it—"he was wondering what the devil it was doing up there out of his reach." Whatever the occasion, it was marked with the same laconic expedition as this first contact. I never once knew the governor to address the prison as a whole. He delegated this duty to the deputy governor, the chief prison officer or the chaplain. In my time at Dartmoor, it was a waste of effort to form a prisoners' deputation. The authority of a deputation lies in its being heard as such; Major Harvey insisted on seeing each member singly.

As my "screw" marched me back to my cell, I had my second view of the prison by daylight. I had prepared myself to face something powerful, but Princetown was more daunting than I had imagined. Its stark granite outlines, unsoftened by the lack of background buildings; its vast asphalt courts where at that moment not a soul was moving; its silence—all this gave it a bleaker power than any prison I had known. Once more I was determined to beat it, and I began my first full day with an almost jaunty air. I didn't know the Moor.

NEXT WEEK: I am introduced to the world of the informer

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LETTER HOME

Continued from page 9

letters. From the comparative luxury of Brigade H.Q. he could not even go in for thrilling accounts of hand-to-hand encounters with the Chinese.

"*Some Yanks have just rocketed a hill,*" he wrote. Then he thought it looked silly and crossed it out. He knew that his letters home were passed around. His letters were read with interest, it seemed, and there was no point in making a fool of himself.

He gazed thoughtfully, almost desperately, at the white rabbit by the major's truck. This rabbit was a prisoner of war, for the moment, and had been captured among the stunted fir trees on one of the hills just north of Uijongbu. But why should Anne be interested in it? Or in the Korean kids selling American cigarettes and dried octopus in the gutters of Kaesong?

A GROUP of Koreans had just been brought in for interrogation. They sat on the hard ground near the river, their hands clasped over their heads, no sign of emotion on their flat teak-coloured features.

Among them was a girl of three or four years old. She was attached, pick-a-back, to what was presumably her father. She cried incessantly, her tiny slit eyes half-open under the straight black hair, looking like a Japanese doll. The two Redcaps in charge seemed indifferent. High overhead a group of B26s roared northwards, and she cried again.

Benson got up and offered the girl one of the enormous, shiny, scarlet Korean apples. She gnawed it for a while, her breath almost solidly white in the still air.

There was a stutter of small arms about four hundred yards away to their right, and the girl's sobs began again. Corporal Benson knew that the brigade major had gone off with the brigadier for a conference at Corps. He borrowed the white rabbit from the B.M.'s truck and held it out to the girl to stroke. He could not help wondering whether he and Anne would ever have children. The girl pulled the rabbit's ears and was immediately happy. Officiously, the Redcaps moved Benson on.

"No talk with suspects before interrogation."

But they let the girl keep the rabbit, for the time being: it was quieter that way.

Benson slouched back to the leeward side of the Signals truck. His hands were now almost too numb for further writing but he felt that there was something that he wanted to say. He wanted to say that he hoped that he and Anne would have children, or one child anyway, and he was desperately anxious that she should agree. He sucked his pencil, gazing at the tall M.P.s, who were stamping on the frozen ground. The child was still stroking the rabbit, apparently happy.

On the so-called road over the bridge a long column of gook troops was moving forward, quaintly small and very silent in their rubber shoes, a dejected-looking lot and not all of them armed. The suspects had now been given cocoa in cigarette tins and were wolfing it like animals.

The light was beginning to go already. Benson knew what he wanted: it was all startlingly clear. He wanted to marry Anne at once and have a child.

"The gooks are no good," he wrote savagely, "but everything is okay. From where I sit I can see a helicopter. Everything is very quiet but the weather remains parky. That last parcel was a wonder, I am still living on the memory of it. Some hostile gooks have just been brought in for interrogation, among them a small girl. Otherwise everything is quiet and I am feeling fine and I hope you are, too. It won't be long now! Your ever-loving William."

Well, he hadn't said it, but he would say it in his next letter, perhaps. What a lousy country to write home from!

It may have been the bad light but he thought the kid smiled at him and he jerked his thumb up in her direction.

He borrowed an envelope, put his name, number and the rest of it on the back, and addressed it carefully, in ink.

When the Chinese barrage began on one of the battalions he heard Nosey's usual shouted joke of "Moonlight Sonata!" from the direction of the officers' mess tent. Nosey had a cushy job there as a cook. In the fast fading light, jets which he could not identify put napalm down on the hill to their left, and in the sudden glare he saw the girl clutching the rabbit. The eight suspects still sat on the ground with their hands on their heads. He picked up a stone and hurled it at the river: it skidded across the ice. The river must have been about solid.

THEN he took over from Spike in the Signals truck and was kept busy during the night, the ordinary routine junk, but at least it was warmer in the truck than outside. You wrote home, you wrote home, he reflected . . . but there were some things that you just couldn't say. The night was more than usually noisy, but in all his spare moments he thought of Anne and wondered if they would have any children.

Soon after dawn, when he was off duty again, he learned that the gooks had won back the hill on their left. The brigade major was creating: something about his missing rabbit. He was raising a small personal hell, which seemed very far away to Benson. Anyway, the wind had whipped up again, which made it uncomfortable for everyone, so Benson crawled into his sleeping bag.

The suspects, the girl and the rabbit were all a part of yesterday. When he woke up, he would write to Anne again.

THE END

IN THE WET

Continued from page 18

jump at the chance of marrying a man like you. But there's no question of it. So far as I'm concerned, marrying is out."

He stood looking down at her, holding her hands, puzzled by her attitude. At last he asked her, "Can you tell me honestly and truthfully that it's not the colour? If that's in the back of your mind, I'd like you to tell me now."

She shook her head. "It's not the colour." She paused. "You see, if I were to marry you—ever—it would be because I was proud of you, and because I was in love with you. I'd probably be more troubled about leaving England to go and live with you in Australia than I would be about the colour."

He drew her a little closer to him. She stood quietly in his arms, watching the yellow path of moonlight on the calm water of the lagoon. "If I married anyone I'd want to make a job of it, and make a home, and have kids like a normal girl," she said. "I'd have to give up my job at the Palace to do that—one couldn't possibly do both. And this isn't a good time to chuck that up."

"You'll have to chuck it up some day, if you're ever going to marry," he said. "Of course. you'd have to give a good long notice, so that they could get someone else of the right sort."

She shook her head. "I wouldn't do it."

FOR a minute they stood in silence. Then she turned back to him, and put her hand upon his shoulder.

"I want you to understand about things, Nigger," she said quietly. "I know you've been getting fond of me, and perhaps I'm a bit fond of you. If we gave up thinking about anybody but ourselves—if we turned thoroughly selfish and behaved like people on the movies—we might get to feeling we were passionately in love, and then we'd have to marry or do the other thing. I'm not going to relax like that. I'm not going to leave Major Macmahon's office at a time like this, or any time until this thing is over."

She paused. "As far as I can see, it may go on for years. The Queen's in the middle of a first-class constitutional crisis. The job of ruling England has become so unattractive that her children won't take it on. That's the long and the short of it."

"Is that really true?" he asked.

She nodded. "If she was to die tonight, there'd be abdications—one after another, and the Monarchy in England would come to an end. If you could see some of the things I've seen in the State papers in the office—the way these stinking little politicians write to her, as if she were nobody at all. . . ."

"I didn't know it was as bad as that," he said.

"Of course you didn't I wouldn't have talked about it now, Nigger, but for us—personally. I want you to understand why I'm not even thinking of marrying anybody till all this is over. I know they could replace me. I'm only a cog in the machine, but I've been there three years and I'm run in now, and working smoothly. If I left, it would be one more worry for them."

She turned, and looked out over the still lagoon.

"If I miss the chance of marrying you I may be sorry for it all my life, and that's just something that'll have to be borne. But I'm not leaving at a time like this."

He stroked the soft, shingled hair at the back of her head. "How long do you think it's likely to go on for?"

There was a pause, and then she said thoughtfully, "She's got something that she's working at. Some constitutional change. I don't know what's in the wind, or how long it will take her to achieve it." There was a little silence, and then she said, "She had several long talks in Ottawa with Mr. Delamain and with the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Macdonald, and with the Governor-General. Now I suppose she's going to Canberra to do the same things there. I don't know what the plan is, David. If I did know, I don't think I could tell it, even to you."

"No," he said thoughtfully. "The less said about these things the better."

"If I've been talking about things I ought not to have repeated, please try and forget them, David."

"I shan't talk," he said. He looked down at her, smiling. "Do you know this is the first time I've ever asked a girl to marry me?"

"Is it, David?"

He nodded, touching the hair at the back of her head again. "You needn't be afraid I'll run away," he said. "This thing can't drag on for longer than a year or so. I'll be here when you feel you're free enough to marry."

Presently she stirred in his arms. "We've got to get to bed," she said. "You've a long way to fly tomorrow."

He released her a little, and they stood looking at the moonlit scene. "Just look at it!" he said. "We've got everything laid on—a coral island, a moon, a calm lagoon—everything you'd want for a stage love scene. We're a couple of silly mutts, if you ask me."

She laughed with him, and freed herself from his arms. "I don't want a stage love scene," she said. "When I get it, if I ever do, I want it to be real."

They walked back slowly to the camp through the deep shadows of the casuarina trees, hand in hand.

DAVID was up early next morning, preparing for the flight to Canberra. At half past eight the passengers began to assemble on the airstrip, and half an hour later the Queen and the Consort drove up with Macmahon.

The flight to Canberra was uneventful. At half past three by Christmas Island time, David began a slow let down as they approached the coast of Australia in the vicinity of Newcastle.

He was warned by radio to expect a fighter guard of honour, and shortly before they reached the coast he made contact with the fighter leader on the radio telephone; the twelve machines appeared and took station on each side of the Ceres, six to port and six to starboard, so that they flew on across Australia in a V formation with the Ceres leading at the apex of the V.

As they approached Canberra, he brought the Ceres in on a long slow descent, and touched the wheels down gently on the tarmac, seven and a half hours out from Christmas Island. Ryder stuck the Royal Standard up through the hatch, and they taxied in to the ceremonial welcome.

David and Ryder stayed in their seats in the cockpit while Frank Cox ushered the Queen and Consort from the aircraft to face the battery of still, movie, and television cameras, to meet the Governor-General, the Prime Minister, the Cabinet, the Leader of the Opposition, and to inspect the guard of honour. Finally they drove away in state in an open car to the Royal Residence at Tharwa, hiding their fatigue

"Well, Doreen, we've been engaged for three years now. We know each other's little ways, our likes and dislikes, ideas and ambitions. Why not call the whole thing off ?"

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and bowing and smiling to the crowds that lined the road.

The rest of the party left the aircraft then and drove away in cars, but there was no rest for the crew of Tare.

The welcome went on for hours. Finally, at about five o'clock, the Ceres was taxied to the far end of the aerodrome and put under guard, to be refuelled and inspected in the morning. David and Ryder drove in an R.A.A.F. car to the Canberra Hotel, where rooms had been reserved for them.

The Royal party was divided between Tharwa and the Canberra Hotel, while the aircrew was accommodated at the aerodrome. Macmahon and Dr. Mitchison were at Tharwa; Frank Cox and David and Miss Turnbull and Rosemary were at the hotel, a pleasant, rambling collection of singe-storey buildings radiating from garden courtyards bright with flowers. David had a shower and changed his clothes, somewhat tired, more by the welcome to Australia than by the flight from Christmas Island. Presently he went out to look for the rest of the party; sitting in a long chair in the veranda round the garden court from which his corridor radiated, he found Rosemary.

"Hallo," he said. "Are you here, too?"

She nodded. "I'm in the next corridor. I saw you come in, so I waited for you here. It's a very lovely place, this, Nigger."

He was delighted that she should have waited for him, and sat down beside her. "You like it?"

She said: "It's so beautiful. Nobody ever told me that Australia was beautiful, like this."

He smiled. "I don't know that we're very good at propaganda. I love it, of course. I wouldn't want to live anywhere else. But then, I was born here, and it's my country."

"Is all Australia like this?" she asked. "All the habitable part?"

"I think Canberra is better than most of it," he said. "It's fairly high up, for one thing, and it's got a good rainfall. All the eastern coastal strip grows flowers like this, of course—or it could do, if people planted them." He paused. "The middle's very dry, but bits of West Australia are lovely. I hope the Queen will go and spend a few days in West Australia this time. She hasn't been there for three or four years. . . . Have you seen Tharwa yet?"

She nodded. "I drove out there with Major Macmahon this afternoon, to fix up the office. But I only saw a little corner of the house. I just got a glimpse of the gardens and the lawns. It's a really lovely place, David."

"Have you got any idea how long we're going to be here?" he said.

She shook her head. "She's got the Govenor-General coming to lunch at Tharwa tomorrow. Apart from that, there don't seem to be any engagements yet. I think she's just resting, trying to make up her mind about something."

"You'd say we'd probably be off within a week?"

"I should think so, David, but I really don't know. I don't suppose she even knows herself. I've got a kind of feeling though that she won't stay very long, and she'll want to get back straight from here to London."

They dined with the others, and went early to bed.

There followed three days of waiting for the crew of Tare. Rosemary was out at Tharwa all day, and in the evenings she told David a little of what was going on. On the first day the Queen had seen nobody but the Governor-General for lunch, but the second and third days had been busier. Mr. Hogan the Prime Minister and Mr. Cochrane the Leader of the Opposition had lunched together with the Queen, in itself a curious circumstance, and had stayed for several hours, till nearly five o'clock. The Vice-Chancellor of the University had dined at Tharwa, and other visitors had been Sir Hubert Spence, a judge of the High Court, Murray Gordon the research professor of Political Economy at the University, the Professor of History, and several other gentlemen of the same calibre.

At lunch time on the third day, Frank Cox appeared in the R.A.A.F. mess. "Got a job for you tomorrow," he said to David.

The pilot nodded. "London?"

"Not yet. Melbourne."

The pilot raised his eyebrows. "Not very far. What time do we take off?"

"Ten o'clock. They want to come back in the evening, taking off probably about six o'clock."

Half an hour later, Rosemary rang up from Tharwa. "David," she said, a little breathlessly. "You know that game of tennis we were going to have? Well, it's tonight."

"My word," he said. "All among the ambassadors and prime ministers?"

"I don't think so. She came into the office just before lunch and wanted to know if you and I would go up and play tennis with them, and have supper afterwards. I said we would."

"I'd have thought she'd have forgotten that," he said in wonder. "She'd have every right to."

"She's not that sort," the girl said. "I didn't think she'd forget. She wants to start playing about five o'clock. Shall I fix a car for you at the hotel at quarter past four?"

"Thanks, Rosemary. I'll have to see about borrowing some clothes and a racquet."

Tennis that evening was not of a very high order. The Queen at the age of fifty-five liked playing on a grass court for an obvious reason, and she played as a plump woman of that age might be expected to play. Rosemary was not a great deal better, sailing dinghies being her pastime, so that the ladies were fairly evenly matched. The Consort, lean and athletic still, played a remarkably good game and kept David on the jump, so that Royalty defeated the common clay six three, six four.

Two sets were enough, and in the fading light they strolled through the rose gardens to the wide lawn before the house, and down towards the river. As they went the Queen said, "Is everything all right for us to go to Melbourne tomorrow, Commander?"

"Quite all right, madam," he said. "We shan't be able to get to operating height, so we shan't go very fast. It will take us about fifty minutes, I should think."

"It seems such a waste to take such a beautiful aeroplane for such a little journey," she remarked. "But it wouldn't be fair to ask Sir Robert to come all this way."

"Sir Robert?" he inquired.

"Sir Robert Menzies," she said. "He's such an old man; I don't know how many years he was Prime Minister before he retired. He was Prime Minister when I came to the throne, and before that. I always try and see him when I am in Australia. But he's eighty-eight this year. He keeps remarkably well, but it's really not fair to ask him to travel, at his age. So I'm having lunch at his house in Toorak with him tomorrow, and Mr. Calwell is lunching with us there as well. He lives in Melbourne, too."

"I didn't know Calwell was alive still," the pilot said in wonder.

"Oh dear, yes. He's only eighty-six. So funny. In the House those two were political enemies all their lives. Now they can't fight each other in the House any longer, so they meet and have a game of chess each week, and quarrel over that." She paused, and stood staring over to the evening lights upon the wooded slopes of Mount Tennant. "These old men have seen so much, and learned so much," she said quietly. "I always learn something by talking to old statesmen. They get objective when they've been retired a year or two and then they're really useful."

She turned to Rosemary. "This is your first visit to Australia, isn't it?"

"Yes," she replied. "I've hardly been out of England before."

They turned, and walked back up the lawn towards the long, white house in the evening light. "Do you like it here?" the Queen asked.

"I've only seen Canberra and Tharwa," the girl said. "What I've seen is simply lovely, of course."

"You should see more than that," the Queen said. "Why don't you come with us to Melbourne tomorrow? I expect Commander Anderson would give you lunch in Melbourne, if you ask him very nicely. We shan't be starting back before the evening."

The girl said, "It's terribly kind of you to suggest that, madam. I think I ought to see Major Macmahon, and find out how much work there is to do."

"We'll speak to him this evening," the Queen said. "I can't believe that there's a great deal of work when we're away."

David said smiling, "It's a bit unethical for me to leave the aeroplane on a strange aerodrome to take Miss Long to lunch in Melbourne."

"Oh nonsense, Commander. You've got Mr. Ryder to leave in charge. If you say any more I shall begin to think that you don't want to take her."

The pilot grinned. "I wouldn't like you to think that, madam."

"I should hope not."

Rosemary coloured a little, but said nothing.

They went into the house, and the Queen took Rosemary away towards the bedroom side. Macmahon joined them before dinner, and gave his agreement to Rosemary's day off.

They dined at a small table in the bow window of the big dining-room and talked principally of Australian gardens and flowers, and of the Queensland drought. They had coffee in the Queen's drawing-room, and then David and Rosemary took their leave, and were driven back to the hotel at Canberra.

They took off from Fairbairn aerodrome next morning punctually at ten o'clock, and flew across the mountains at ten thousand feet with an escort of four fighters of the R.A.A.F. to Berwick, twenty miles to the south-east of Melbourne; over the aerodrome the fighters peeled away up into the sky and David put the Ceres down and taxied in. Four cars were waiting on the tarmac; David parked the Ceres near these cars, stopped engines, handed over the machine to Ryder, and followed Frank Cox and Rosemary out down the steps. To his relief there were no pressmen there, and no photographers.

The Queen was talking to two very old men standing by one of the cars, one of them rather stout. David, standing with Frank Cox and Rosemary, could hear what she was saying. "You shouldn't have come out," she said. "I was coming to you."

He recognized the Menzies features in the stout one, who replied, "I hope I'll never be so old as not to be able to drive out to meet you, madam." The other said, "Too right."

The Queen said, "Well, I'm not going to have you standing about in this wind, either of you."

She shepherded the old men back to the shelter of the cars, and soon they had driven off along the Melbourne road.

One of the other cars stood waiting on the tarmac. David said to Rosemary, "This one is ours." The chauffeur opened the door for her, and David got in beside her, and they followed the other cars up to the Princes Highway and the road to Melbourne.

Rosemary said, "I feel an awful fraud. Do you think this car is ours for the whole day?"

"I should think so," he replied. "It's got to bring us back to Berwick by about five o'clock, or the Queen won't be able to go home. What would you like to do?"

She thought for a minute. "I'd like to drive through Melbourne and see what kind of a place it is." She turned to him. "I'm so very ignorant," she said. "It's on the sea, isn't it?"

"That's right," he said. "Not the open sea. It's on a great big circular bay, Port Phillip Bay, at the north end. It's about forty miles from the sea proper."

"Do people sail there, like we do at home?"

"My word," he said. "We've got all the small racing classes that you've got at home. I've got a Dragon laid up here, in the Brighton Club."

"Could we go and see it, David? I'd love to see an Australian sailing club."

"Of course," he said. "I'd like to go and have a look at her myself. It's a year since I saw her. We'll drive through the city and have lunch somewhere, and then go down to Brighton."

"Is that far?"

He shook his head. "It's only a few miles out of town. It's a suburb—quite a good one."

They lunched at a small Greek restaurant where he was known to the proprietor, who made a fuss of them because his name had been much in the papers in connection with the Queen's unexpected visit to Australia. From there they drove to the Treasury Gardens, where he showed her Captain Cook's cottage, saved by a generous benefactor from demolition in Whitby and reverently transported stone by stone twelve thousand miles to be re-erected in the Antipodes that he explored. They drove then to the Royal Brighton Yacht Club, and here the smell of salt water and seaweed, and varnish, and clean timber brought nostalgic memories of Itchenor to Rosemary.

"Oh David—there's an International fourteen footer—and there's another!"

"That's right," he said. "They've got a class of them here."

They ducked under the bows of vessels laid up in the boat shed and

Little girl lost in the night

by

DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

came to his Dragon standing on shores at the back, covered in dust. "This is Ariadne," he said. "That's her mast and boom." He pointed to the spars on racks beside the vessel on the wall.

"She's just like an English Dragon," said the girl. She stepped back and looked critically at the hull. "They *have* got beautiful lines."

"She's a bonza thing to sail," the pilot said. "She must be forty years old, I think, but she's perfectly sound still." He caressed the topsides with his hand, and smiled at the girl. "It's nice to see her again, and know she's waiting for me when I get back to Australia."

She stood studying the boat for a moment. Then she said, "You're longing to get back here, aren't you?"

"It's my own country," he replied. "I wouldn't have missed this job in the Queen's Flight for the world. I think I'm beginning to understand a bit more about England, too. But I'll be glad to get back here again one day, and get this thing out, and sail her." He patted the boat. "Would you like to get up into the cockpit? It may be a bit dirty."

"I'd like to see what she's like on deck, David." So he got a ladder and they climbed up into the cockpit, and she brushed the dust off the varnished coaming and sat looking up and down the deck. "She must be very fast," she said. "I'd love to have a sail in her one day."

"I hope you will," he replied.

She disregarded that. "What did you mean just now by saying that you were beginning to understand about England?" she inquired. "Are you getting to like it a bit better?"

He thought for a moment. "I'd never want to live there," he replied. "I think there are better places to live, and this is one of them. No—what I mean is this. There's so much in England to admire and like. Their technical achievements, their courage in the bad conditions they've had forced on them, the Queen herself. There's a good deal to dislike, but I'm not sure that we've got the right to pat ourselves on the back, here in Australia."

She smiled. "You don't think that Australians are a superior race of people?"

"I used to think that," he said candidly. "I used to think we'd got a know-how of government that England had lost, and that's what made this country happier and more prosperous. But now I'm not so sure. Compared with England, we're still backward in the sciences and the techniques. I'm not sure that things aren't just easier here because it's still an empty country, because it's still expanding, because almost anyone with any guts can start up a new business and see it prosper. I'm not sure that it's really any virtue in ourselves, although we like to kid ourselves it is."

"Just the luck of the game."

"That's right. How do you like it here?"

"I've only seen the very top layer of it, David," she protested. "I've been here for about four days, and all I've seen is the Canberra Hotel, and the

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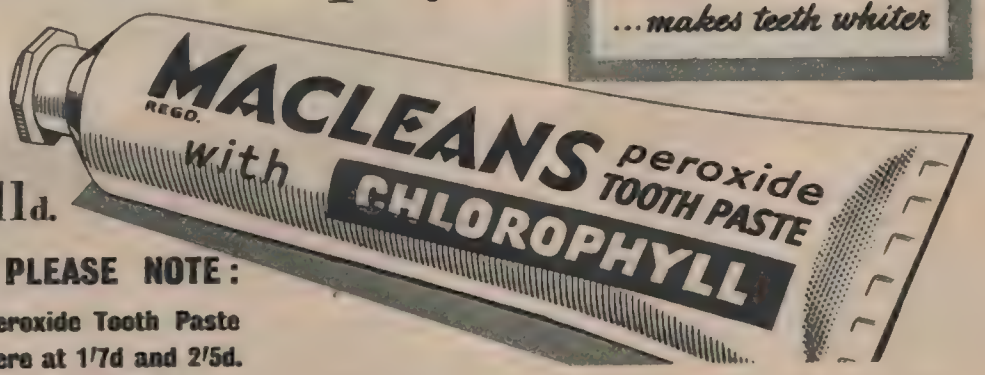

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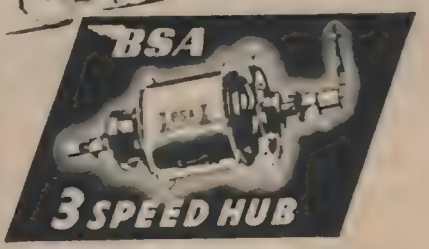

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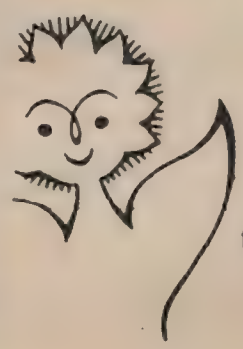

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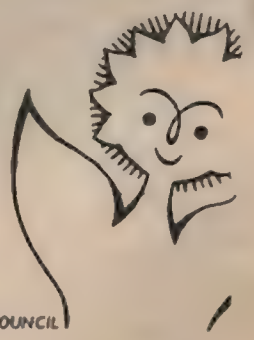

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Royal Residence, and the restaurant we lunched in, and this boat shed." She laughed.

"You want to live on a station for a year," he told her, "with nobody to talk to but the cattle and the sheep, and have a drought and a couple of bush fires."

She laughed. "If I did that I'd probably be glad to get back to my flat in Dover Street."

She got up, and he held the ladder for her while she went down. They walked around and found the foreman and talked a little about Ariadne, and then they went into the clubhouse and had tea in a window looking out over the bay. Then it was time to get into the car for the drive back to Berwick.

A considerable crowd had collected at the aerodrome by that time, with a number of pressmen, for the news of the Queen's visit had got out. Rosemary passed through the crowd unchallenged and got into the machine, but David had to submit to the photographers and to an interview. He cut it short and went into the machine to see about his business, and presently the Queen and Consort drove up and posed for a moment for the cameras, and then got in. Frank Cox came forward and spoke to the pilots, and David swung the Ceres towards the runway and presently took off. At ten minutes to seven, in the evening light, he put her down at Canberra.

NEXT day Frank Cox came to him at lunch time in the mess at Fairbairn aerodrome. "It's back to London next," he said. "Tomorrow or the next day. They want a proposal for the best time to take off."

The pilot nodded. "They'll want to get back in the evening, I suppose?" he said. "Land at White Waltham about seven o'clock?"

"I should think so. That would give them a night's rest before they start on anything."

David thought for a moment. "Take off from here at seven in the morning would get them to White Waltham at seven in the evening," he said at last.

"Daylight all the way?"

"That's right." The pilot paused. "You can usually do a daylight flight going westwards, with our cruising speed."

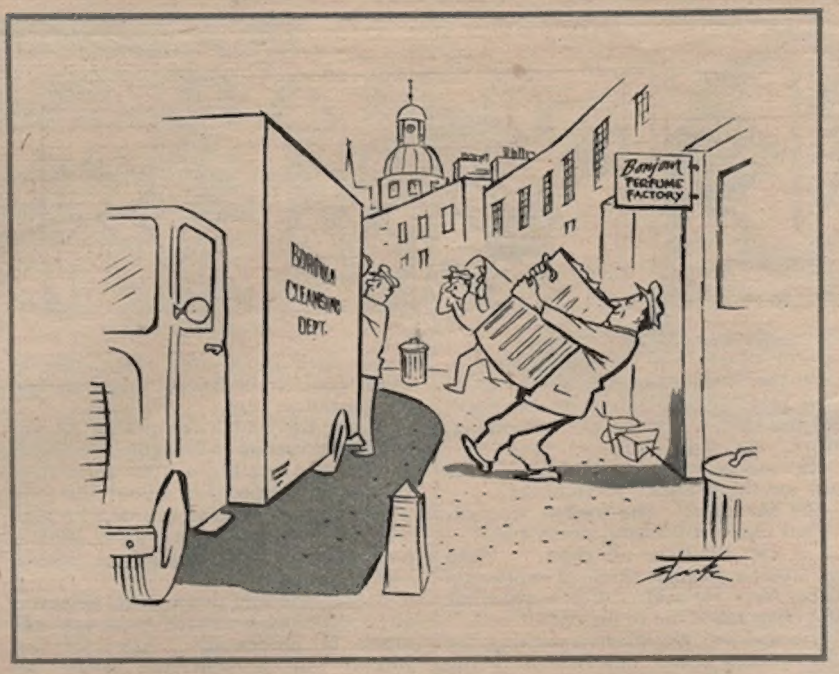
"No snags with the machine?"

"No. We'd be ready to go now. It's just the food; I'll see the stewards and get the meals worked out."

"I'll ring you about four o'clock this afternoon."

He rang later, and confirmed the flight for England for the next day. David briefed his crew; in the evening light they had the Ceres drawn out of the hangar and did an engine run, and finally topped up with fuel for the flight to Colombo. It was seven o'clock when he got back to the hotel.

Australians dine early, and when he went into the dining-room with Rosemary, the room was emptying; he glanced round, but there was no one seated near them. "Back to London," he said. "Has it been announced yet?"



She shook her head. "It's to be released for the nine o'clock news. It's going to cause a lot of disappointment here, they say."

He nodded. "It's bound to. She's not been here for two years, and it's much longer than that since she was over in West Australia. Now, when she does come, she has to go back to England after less than a week."

They ate in silence for a few minutes. Then Rosemary said, "Tharwa isn't going into mothballs."

"What's that?"

"The cars are staying in the garage and the staff is being kept on in the house."

"Does that mean that she's coming back here pretty soon?"

"It could mean that," she said. "It may be Charles or Anne. But anyway, the house is being kept open."

In spite of the early hour, there was quite a crowd at Fairbairn aerodrome next morning to see the Queen depart. When the Royal car drew up before the aeroplane the Queen and the Consort got out and talked for a time with the Governor-General and the Prime Minister while the cameras whirred and flash bulbs exploded around. Then they got into the Ceres and the door closed behind them. Five minutes later they were in the air with a fighter escort at each wing tip, climbing to operation altitude over New South Wales.

The weather was bright and cloudless over central Australia. Over the scarred earth of Broken Hill they levelled off for cruising; the Queen sent a radio message of thanks to the fighter escort, who peeled away and went down to land, and the Royal party went to breakfast.

They flew on steadily, monotonously, putting down once at Colombo for refuelling, but taking off again immediately.

At four o'clock they were in the dusk a little to the south of Belgrade and an hour later, in the vicinity of Munich, David started to let down upon the long descent at the flight end. And here they ran into trouble.

They had advised the London Area Control for air traffic of their estimated time of arrival, and asked for weather 'actuals.' The radio operator passed a slip of paper to David in a few minutes, and he bent over it upon the chart table, with Frank Cox by his side.

THEY studied it together in silence. "Typical December evening," the group captain said. There was low cloud over the whole of southern England with fog patches; at London Airport the cloud base was at eight hundred feet and visibility upon the ground six hundred yards.

David nodded. "I think we'll ask to be diverted to London. I don't like White Waltham much for instrument landings in this sort of stuff. London's better for us on a night like this."

The Group Captain nodded. "I agree."

David made his signal, and waited for the answering approval and information of the other traffic in the air. No answer came for ten minutes, during which they were approaching England at six hundred miles an hour and losing height at the rate of a thousand feet a minute. The pilot frowned a little, and repeated his request for a diversion to London Airport, stating his altitude and his position and his estimated time of arrival.

The answer came at last. "Maintain altitude thirty thousand feet, diversion approved to Driffield, Yorks, cloud base at Driffield three thousand feet visibility five miles."

The two officers stared at this in consternation. "For Pete's sake," said Frank Cox. "We can't take them to Yorkshire. Is airline traffic going in and out of London?"

"Airline traffic seems normal at London, Cap," the radio operator said. "I can hear them talking on the V.H.F. They're landing normally."

"Make this signal," said Frank Cox. "'Request permission to land at London airport with Royal passengers.' Sign it, 'Captain of the Queen's Flight.'"

David said, "Shall we level off at thirty thousand, sir? We're getting near that now."

Frank Cox hesitated. In the air and approaching a congested traffic area at night it was imperative that the instruction of the ground control should be obeyed implicitly; no one knew that better. He nodded, unwilling. "Level off, but hold your course," he said.

David went and spoke to Ryder at the control, and came back to the chart table.

IN a few minutes the answering signal came: "Permission not, repeat not, granted to land at London Airport because of unknown experience of Australian crew. Proceed to Driffield and state estimated time of arrival."

David flushed angrily. "I think you'll have to handle this one from now on, sir," he said.

"It's a put up job," said the Group Captain quietly. "Somebody's out to make trouble for them." He thought for a minute. "Make this signal: 'Australian crew full trained instrument landings by B.O.A.C. to B.O.A.C. standards. Request permission to land at London Airport.'"

The officers waited in silence by the chart table till the answer came. It read: "Names of crew do not appear on current certification lists. Permission not, repeat not, granted for landing London account of deteriorating weather conditions. Proceed to Driffield and state estimated time of arrival."

Frank Cox said, "Alter course for Driffield, Nigger, and give them your E.T.A."

[Abridged by John Bull]

To be continued next week

CHAMPION'S DECISION

Continued from page 13

it hurt him. The man grinned. "You'll get two hundred advance," he said. "The rest when you scratch. Think about it, boy."

"Who on earth was that?" Margaret came into the room as the visitor's footsteps were clumping down the stairs.

"Insurance," he said, bitterly.

Margaret gave him a hard stare and went into the kitchen to wash up.

That night, Harrington thought about it. Two thousand pounds for doing what he intended to do anyway! He was confused and angry. Angry because he had been offered the bribe, and because he needed it so badly. Confused because if he scratched now, however genuine the reason, his inner motives would always be open to doubt.

He was All-British Champion, a cleanly won title; it was worth nothing in cash to him, yet he felt it was his responsibility to the men he had beaten, to the man who would beat him, to keep it clean.

But, with this injury, how could he help but scratch from the *Sun* event?

He lay there fretting in the half-dark. His wife lay beside him, asleep. He wondered what her choice would be if she knew about it. Neither of them agreed with betting on amateurs, certainly not with paying a man to lose deliberately.

A straight bet which did not interfere with a man's endeavour to win was quite another thing. . . .

Harrington sat up suddenly. *A straight bet.* . . . There was nothing wrong with that. His hand groped at his chest. He breathed deeply. The plaster made it difficult, but he did it, and the pain was not too bad. A straight bet to win. A bet on himself, for instance!

This extraordinary idea sent his mind racing over the possibilities. And the impossibilities. It was one thing to sit up in bed and take a deep breath, quite another to launch yourself twelve feet in the air on the end of a pole. But he had to start somewhere and there was nearly a week to improve.

He got out of bed, slowly, trying not to disturb his wife. He was half-way across the bedroom floor when she spoke. She asked sleepily, "What is it? Where are you going, Geoff?"

"It's all right," he said. "Feel like a cup of tea."

She sat up and switched on the bedlight. "I'll get it for you. You ought to rest as much as you can——"

"No, no. I'm all right. Really. I'll bring you one in."

Margaret yawned and lay down. "Don't bother."

In the small kitchen, Harrington turned on a tap and left it running to mask the noise while he tried a few experimental jumps on his toes. It was no use pretending that it didn't hurt; it did. But what he had in mind was worth a little pain. It was the answer to everything. And he wouldn't be the first athlete to win a major event under difficulties. What about boxers? he thought, balancing on his toes. Getting hurt was part of their business.

Anyway, he had to do it. He would defeat the crooks who were trying to bribe him, he would discredit Brough of the *Sun*, he would retain the championship—and win a tidy sum by putting every penny he possessed on himself to win.

By the time he came out of the kitchen and crept back to bed he had fully decided. It was just a matter of careful training without too much

THE HUMAN MACHINE *by ROFFE THOMPSON*

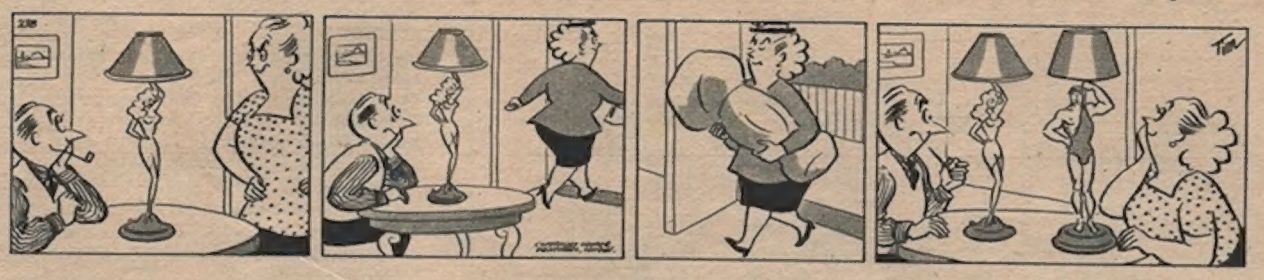
Take it all in—rationally

"I AM firm," goes the old saying, "thou art obstinate, he is pig-headed." Most of us insist on going our own way, and refuse to be influenced by either facts or opinions.

This is silly, because there is so much knowledge in the world that no one can have more than a small portion of it. Read, listen and think—rationally.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



strain. He would work up to it, gradually, giving his chest time to lose some of its soreness.

In the ensuing days, Harrington's every movement became an objective exercise.

As he walked to the bus, he swung his arms more than was necessary, loosening the tightness of his chest, testing for pain. There was plenty of it, but he tried to ignore it. He ran for buses when there was no real need, he skipped up and down the stairs to the warehouse office where he worked as clerk. And if there was any lifting to be done, he volunteered, even though the stabs of pain in his chest were sometimes almost unbearable.

Two days before the big event, just before Harrington left home in the morning, the postman delivered a bulky envelope to him. Inside was more money than Harrington had ever seen in one bundle. Two hundred pounds accompanied by a brief note:

"This is to convince you that we mean business. If you scratch, we shall send eighteen hundred more."

MARGARET was still in bed, and Harrington stuffed the money into his pocket. This settled it. They meant business, so did he. This two hundred pounds did not commit him in any way. It was to help him to make his mind up. Well, he'd make it up. His total savings amounted to £200—£400 now. It was a sizeable stake and, even at low odds, the profit, if he won, would be considerable. And even if he did not win. . . . But he wouldn't think about that!

By the end of that day, Harrington had committed himself to total ruin or complete success. He had managed to place the big bet by telephone in his wife's maiden name of Fletcher. The odds he got were better than he had expected, chiefly because observant sports reporters had made a good deal of his fall last week and had noticed that he was not in training at the gym. He stood to lose everything. He stood to win nearly two thousand pounds.

On the Wednesday evening, Margaret came into the bedroom as he was packing his case. "You're not scratching, then?" she said.

Harrington looked up at her. "Who said anything about scratching?"

She shrugged. She looked worried. "Your chest still hurts, doesn't it?"

"A bit. It'll be all right." Then he caught a peculiar shade of expression on her face. He said: "You heard what that chap asked me to do, didn't you?"

She nodded. He finished packing the case, picked it up and crossed to the door.

"Do you think I should scratch, Margaret?" He knew that as far as she was concerned it was a £2,000 question. She knew nothing of his own bet.

She said: "No, Geoff."

He smiled at her, squeezed her hand briefly. He knew now that whatever the outcome, he had done the right thing. It gave him tremendous confidence. They did not say a word to each other in the taxi.

When he stepped into the arena, he was still confident. His entire future depended on winning and he intended to win. In one corner the long jump was just finishing. Round and round the periphery thudded the relay runners. Floodlights in batteries of three pelted blinding light from above. And in the midst of all this athletic efficiency a tiny doubt emerged—just how much would his injury affect him?

There was a burst of cheering as the relay ended. Seconds later, the loudspeakers announced the results. The crowd quietened a little, then cheered again. Harrington took his place on the competitors' bench at the end of the take-off. He tried to keep calm through all these normal preliminaries, but in spite of himself his nerves began to tighten up.

Including himself there were four entrants for the pole-vaulting. Two he knew, having competed against them before. They sat beside him—Michaels and James, their names embroidered across their track suits. Normally he could easily have beaten them; tonight he was not so sure.

About the fourth competitor he was even less certain. Kengate, Brough's choice, was standing a little apart from the others. Lithe, slim, about eighteen, with that air of confidence that he himself had possessed at that age. He saw now that the task he had set himself was enormous.

Before he could dwell on it, however, an official had beckoned them into the arena to limber up. After he had trotted for a hundred yards, his breathing was laboured, pains stabbed his chest.

They gathered round the judge. There was to be a test jump of eight feet six to accustom them to the light.

James and Michaels jumped first, clearing easily. When Kengate jumped, Harrington noticed his graceful, mature style. Brough knew what he was talking about. The boy was good.

Harrington ran up slowly and eased himself over. Only by using his energy sparingly did he stand a chance.

The bar was raised to ten feet. In order to conserve his energy, Harrington would not enter the contest at that stage. Kengate also declined, showing a sure knowledge of tactics.

James and Michaels cleared it first time. The bar was raised to ten feet six. Harrington and Kengate still withheld. The other two competitors were over in one again. At eleven feet James had to make a second attempt. Michaels cleared in one.

JAMES was eliminated at eleven feet six inches, failing to clear in three jumps. At twelve feet, Michaels was out, too. The judge now called Kengate and Harrington together.

"How high?" he asked.

Harrington glanced at Kengate. "Twelve feet?"

The young man grinned. "I'm happy if you are."

Harrington was not at all happy. After that initial jump the pain in his chest had become acute; it was exhausting him, draining his reserves.

Kengate jumped first. Harrington heard the crash as Kengate's pole hit the box. He soared upwards, and Harrington's depression increased when it seemed that he had cleared. But then the bar crashed down.

Harrington stripped off his track suit. At the judge's nod, he glanced apprehensively at the bar, clenched his pole, started to run. His chest pounded with pain at every pace. He would not let it interfere; his style was immaculate; the pole went cleanly in the box. Then the push, the upward flight, straight into the lights it seemed, the twist, the sight of the landing—and he brushed the bar. But the unbearable pain in his chest as he rolled over on the shavings took everything else from his mind. The bar tottered, slipped off the support at one end, fell slantwise.

IN agony, Harrington walked back to the starting-point. A triumph of mind over matter was all very well if you did not pass out in the process. He knew now that there was a danger of this happening. The lights had gone spinning at that moment of impact with the ground. He was clammy with perspiration, his legs were weak.

At the second attempt, Kengate cleared. Harrington again brought down the bar. As he came back he saw that his opponent was fresh and smiling.

When Harrington bounded along the take-off for his third attempt at twelve feet, there was something other than physical strength carrying him. Willpower, desperation, a dogged summoning of every ounce of skill. And this time the bar remained in place.

Harrington rested on the bench while they were raising the height. The loudspeakers were booming, but he could not distinguish the words. Everything around him was obscured by blinding pain. In his mind there remained only two things: the task, the issue. He held on to them. It was life and death.

Kengate was now preparing to jump. The track events had finished and there was only a slight muttering from the crowd. Kengate failed. He came back looking a little nervous, not quite so confident. He looked curiously at the champion as Harrington went to the take-off. The older man's face was set and deathly white, his expression detached, his movements automatic.

Harrington put more strength than he thought he had into the thrust, executed a perfect handstand on top of the pole, but at the last moment he brushed the bar. Walking back to the starting-point, he stumbled and went

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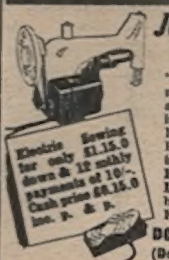

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down on his hands. He got up, slowly, and walked on.

Kengate failed again, but not as badly as Harrington on his second attempt. Harrington was inches short of twelve feet six and he swept the bar with him. The intense pain had overcome his concentration at the crucial moment of thrusting on the pole.

The sight of the champion's failure encouraged Kengate, who thundered into his third and final attempt as fresh as if it were his first jump of the evening. His pole crashed into the box, he flew into the air. But the bar tumbled off in slow motion afterwards.

All that was now left of the contest was Harrington's last jump. If he failed, the contest and the title went to Kengate, who had needed one less attempt at the preceding stage.

The loudspeakers called for silence, but it was an unnecessary appeal. The tension had conveyed itself to the spectators. The hush was almost tangible.

Harrington cantered to the take-off. He could see only the bar poised high above the ground and even that was not very clear to him. He was battling pain, exhaustion and weakness with a fanatical concentration. Grasping the pole, he started his last run.

THE run was as important as the leap. The rhythm, the swing of the pole, the gathering impetus, every last resource, the experience of a lifetime—all to be slammed into that box in one fierce, desperate attempt to assure a shining future, to cancel every failure of the past.

The thrust was perfection. With exquisite precision, all the dynamic forces released into it unified to project him with explosive energy into the air. The world turned over. He saw the bar in sudden close-up. He pushed the pole and released it. He fell, not knowing whether he had succeeded or failed.

Harrington rolled over on the ground and looked up. The bar was not there—nor were the lights. A kaleidoscope of brightly coloured bubbles had burst across his vision as the impact detonated a fury of pain inside him.

Then, just before passing out, and as the roar of the crowd came to him, he saw the bar intact, his pole falling into the hands of an attendant.

He saw also, in that last conscious moment, £2,000 falling into his lap; a new house, a business, a happy wife—a future fit for a champion. THE END

LIFE WITH FATHER

Here is the missing person from the photograph on page 22—King George V, with his son, then Prince of Wales. The quotations have been taken from the Duke of Windsor's autobiography, "A King's Story," published by Messrs. Cassel at 25s.

WHO'S NEXT for the SUN?

THE first reader to win a £100 Riviera holiday for two in *Bullets* this year is Mr. A. Ash (81 Gleneldon Road, Streatham, S.W.16). It accompanied the £500 First he won in Contest 1,886.

First to capture a Mediterranean holiday for two last year was Mr. F. W. Overton ("Pathways," Walesby Lane, New Ollerton). He flew to the Côte d'Azur for a sunshine holiday at Menton. "If ever it comes your way," says this A.A. motor patrolman, "*do* take a *Bullets* Riviera holiday!"

One comes *your* way on this £1,000 page. Win this week's £500 for a *Bullet* on your coupon below and JOHN BULL will invite you and your companion to enjoy a £100 Riviera holiday!

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This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 845**

1. Where youngster's thieving occurs, it may be only this
3. You can go wrong following one
5. One may be nearly all froth
6. Callow youngster can easily be taken in by a twister's
8. One's naturally suspicious of such a fellow
12. You needn't keep to the bigger, busier roads if you do this
13. Foreman's unwise to criticize a man's this
14. May not go as deep as it appears to

Down Clues

1. Price of one often rises very quickly
2. During air raids, sound made by this after explosion was all too common
4. If it's slow, it may well fail in its effort to divert
7. Some clubs find it pays to avoid attracting
9. Commonly regarded as useful carriers of burdens
10. Conducting may be judged in relation to
11. There's a restless type of fellow who always wants to do this around

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E	7 N	■	S	L	■	8	I	L	Y
R	O	T	■	E	9 M	■	C	O	■
■		■	10	■		■	T	■	11
12	I	K	E	■	L	A	S	S	O
■	C	R	A	V	E	S	■	■	V
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Puzzle and form strictly copyright **845** Closing Postmark MON., JULY 13

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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated July 25.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

"Bullets" Riviera guests visit the Casino Pool, Menton

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

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Peace In Korea
The Art Of Living
Germs Are Killers, So
The Patient
Man In Blue
Heavenly Holiday
Scene Of Devastation
Praise Indeed
Wherever It Is
Roses All The Way
Wound Up
At Sleepytown's Cinema
A Bit Cranky
Did All The Talking
Like A Kangaroo
Came A Cropper
To Please The Foreman

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

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In Our Effie's.....
Horrible .....
If Only He'd.....
Three Cheers For.....And

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

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For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, 50 *Bullets* Season Tickets and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated August 1, and in JOHN BULL dated August 8), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, July 25, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,893 result.)

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1,893
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